OCTOBER 7, 1977. No. 68

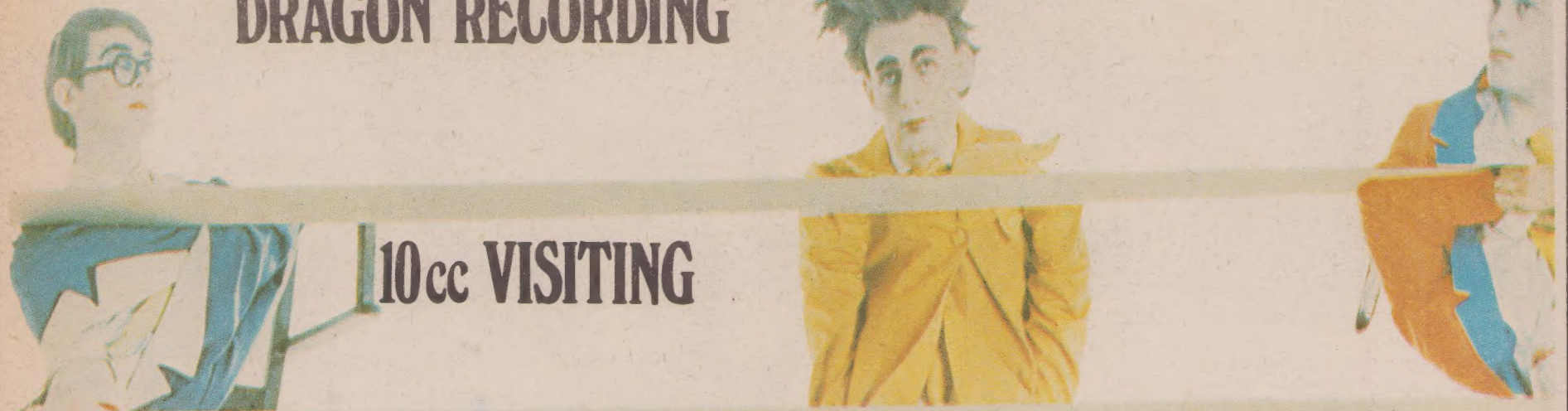
RAM

60 CENTS*

SPLIT ENZ

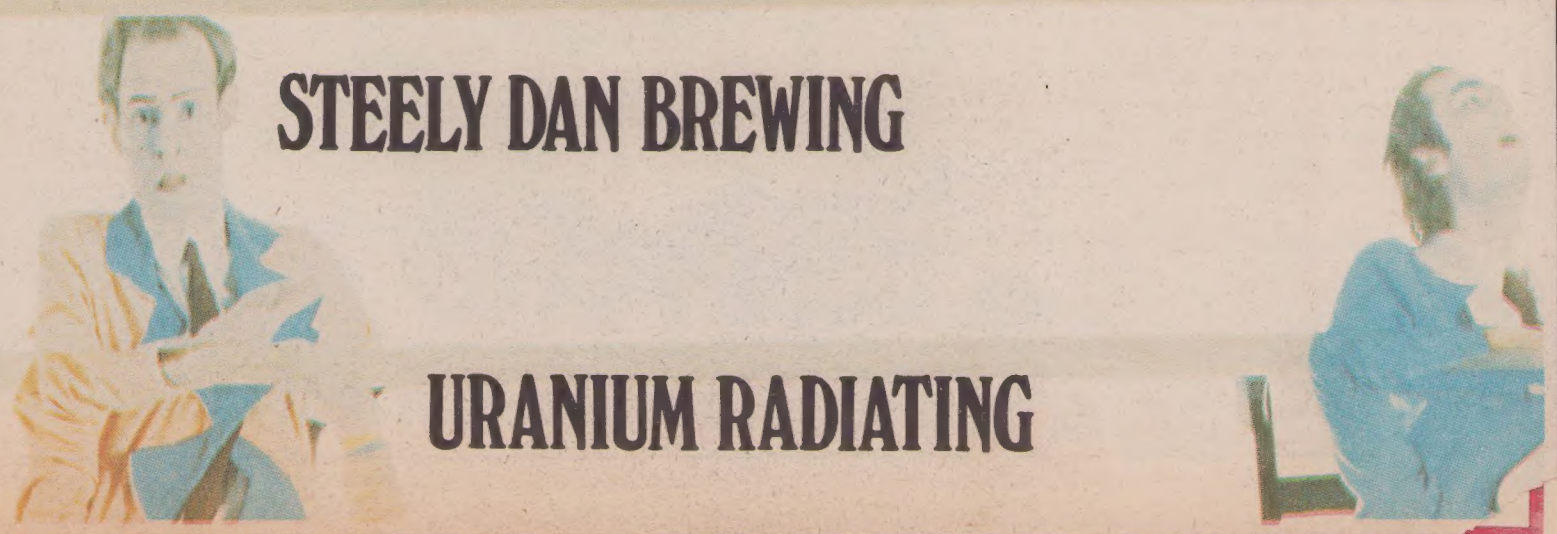
COURAGEOUS HAIRDRESSING

DRAGON RECORDING



10cc VISITING

STEELY DAN BREWING



URANIUM RADIATING

Taste, Supernaut, Tina Turner, Angels, Flashez, Plus Mucho More Folks, all yo...

JAMES TAYLOR

His New Album "JT"

SBP 237009/Cass. PC 7009/Cart. TC 7009

featuring hit single "Handyman"

BA 222315

His Initial Success On CBS Records & Tapes

OUT NOW

Welcome to the Funhouse

Well, welcome to the tea party, anyway. O'Grady has flapped his leather wings and flown off poor pet, leaving us under-scribblers in a sorry state. Leaving **me** *in a sorry state; now I know why he needed a holiday so badly. This joint is bedlam, stuff all over the floor, coffee muck on the walls, lights on all night. . .*

O'Grady's mind was indeed off on a breezy beach somewhere before he left (see Split Enz story)—he forgot to tell me just about everything. So if your RAM seems more than usually odd, it's entirely my fault. Just write your abusive letters to the usual place, I'm quite hardened to them and only become completely hysterical every four days now. Hope you're having a lovely time Anthony, because we're not. McMillan has chewed off a leg from the kitchen table, Anne Phillips refuses to come inside, Peter McLisky keeps disappearing on his bicycle and I've had four nervous breakdowns already.

I've always wanted to write the bit at the front, get all serious about something terribly Important, and now I can't think of anything. Except how to make Molotov Cocktails, and I can't tell you that or you'll blow your heads off. It might be ultra new wave, but you'll only have a quarter of a second to be sorry. Besides, your relatives will sue me.

*So. Welcome to the loony bin. And if you see a man about five foot eleven inches tall, with fairish hair, clean shaven, probably wearing multi-coloured jeans, running shoes and some form of rock 'n' roll promo T-shirt and he answers to the name "O'Grady", catch him, put him in a box and post him to P.O. 281, Broadway, 2007. **Please**.*

*While the cat's away the mice are supposed to be **playing**, not going nuts. Come back Anthony, we need you. Oh no, what have I said? He'll be impossible when he does get back. Aaaaagh gibber gibber drool gerk grunt*

At this point Ms. A. Burton was removed from the premises in a state of deep terror. Reports to hand say she may never be the same again. Maybe that's a good thing. . .

Annie Burton

DIRT

Bob Daisley, who lived in Sydney until he moved to England six years ago, has just left Widowmaker to join Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow.

Last year, Widowmaker toured Britain and America. They had planned to tour America with the Electric Light Orchestra for six weeks, but they were so successful that they ended up spending three months touring places that the ELO tour missed out on. As a result, their debut album entered the American charts.

They returned to England late last year; with their new lead singer John Butler, they started recording *Too Late To Cry*. It was produced by Chris Kimsey who recently produced Bad Company's new album and *Frampton Comes Alive*. He was also the engineer on the Rolling Stones album *Sticky Fingers*. Quite a track record. . .

In April this year, Widowmaker, who sounds at times rather like Bad Company, toured America again, this time with Ted Nugent.

Heavy metal merchants Widowmaker have just released their second album, *Too Late To Cry*.

It was recorded earlier this year and features six songs written or co-written by bass player Daisley.

Supernaut are currently recording their second album. Tentatively titled *Naughts And Crosses*, it's due for release in early October.

The band are recording the album in the TCS studios in Melbourne. Supernaut are producing the album, with John French engineering.

Supernaut will be embarking on an extensive country tour after the release of the new album, which they say shows a slight change in direction.

The billing at the famous Reading Festival last weekend proved once again that rock music is still a strong male domain despite the respect that innumerable female artists have gained.

The only female on the bill at the Reading Festival was Gloria Mundi, the keyboards player from Sunshine.

Gladys Postlethwaite who appeared last year was not booked for last weekend. Gladys is a female contortionist and barrel organ player of some repute. *Quite* some repute, apparently.

According to a spokesman for the organisers of the Festival, "We are not having that woman here. Last year she bent scaffolding poles supporting the stage as if they were straws and she brutally assaulted nine punk roadies." The brute! Brutess?

Consequently Gory Gladys was not invited back.

Tina Turner's latest Australian tour sure hasn't gone as smoothly as the promoters would have liked.

The major problem the entourage confronted when they reached Australia was their lack of costumes. Apparently their stage clothes had been left in the United States; Tina was forced to wear a pair of white cut off jeans and a shirt during her Sydney performances. She still looked great, however.

Reports of the shows indicate that since Ike left the revue it has gone downhill. According to some observers, the choreography was rather half-hearted and Tina's stage movements have slowed down since her last Australian visit. Reaching forty sounds like sufficient grounds to us, but maybe she just ran out of monkey glands. . .

In Brisbane the Tina Turner Revue only did a thirty five minute show; at one of their two Sydney performances they did a fifteen minute set with a fifteen minute encore. That's not even as long as set lengths new wave bands belt out. . .

Boz Scaggs has achieved official superstar status. His album *Silk Degrees* has picked up its fourth platinum record. Quad platinum, his record company calls it.

***Silk Degrees* has been in the number one position on the Australian charts for a rare three months.**

Over the past five years there have been very few albums that have maintained a position at the top of the charts in this country for a period anything like three months.

Despite the release of five albums, Boz Scaggs was considered to be a minor cult figure until *Silk Degrees* rocketed up the charts across the world. Now you can't get *away* from him. . .

GET STAFFED

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ROCK AUST MAGAZINE
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BROADWAY, N.S.W. 2007

This week's marriage-go-round dirty dirt has things not going at all well between the Jaggers. Over on their Greek island, Mick got himself so tuckered out one night he couldn't make it up the 120 steps to the local disco. Where is it, on top of the local church spire? Anwyay, Blanca refused to give him a hand. "I have carried him long enough," she said darkly, "I won't carry him any longer." Not up 120 steps, anyway, especially after he'd eaten three plates of spaghetti and drunk seven beers.

Meanwhile, that other celebrated couple Gregg Allman and Cher, are back together to the extent of making an album (another one) together. It's called (can you take this?) *Allman And Woman*. Gaaaaagh, how degrading can you get?

More Science fiction. . . *Star Trek's* Captain Kirk is releasing his own album, under his real name. *William Shatner Live* contains highlight of the Captain's recent US lecture tour. For absolute fanatics only. . .

And Sci-fi freaks will have to wait till '79 for *Star Wars Part 2*. The way things are going, Part 1 will still be packing 'em in then anyway. . .

Musicians in Adelaide have got together and formed an organisation similar to the Road Crews and Musicians Co-op in Sydney. The gang is called MUSOS, and they've been having regular weekly concerts for some months now, at a box factory, featuring "alternative" groups, by which they mean non-disco bands. They've had to stop the concerts recently because the old box factory, (known as The Box Factory) only held three hundred people; audiences for the concerts out-grew it.

MUSOS have found another venue, but they've neglected to say where it is, or when. Anyway, all you Adelaide locals interested in a concert with local six-piece Art-rock band Elysium, Melbourne imports The Sports and singer/songwriter Paul Smyth should be able to find it. MUSOS are hoping to make their bigger, brighter concerts six-weekly events.

Down at CBS, they're dusting out the stock room, preparing for the release of a swag of goodies between now and Christmas. Keep your eyes peeled for new efforts from Boz Scaggs, Billy Joel, the Beach Boys, The Vibrators and Judas Priest.

Meanwhile, all the little CBSers not engaged in dusting are up at Thredbo, getting the good word from the company heavies for 1978. This process is otherwise known as a snowbound sales convention/pissup/Jolly well done to us interlude. . .

Ex-Mama and aspiring actress Michelle Phillips found a way to deal with her co-star in the film *Valentino*, Rudolph Nureyev, when he threw his celebrated tantrums on the set of Ken Russells latest extravaganza. She smacked him on his equally celebrated bum.

TOURS

Tours that we hear buzzes about but nobody will confirm: David Essex later this year, Chicago in January, Boz Scaggs in February, and the much-rumoured Santana/Fleetwood Mac double bill for November 11 and 13. Plus exactly when Little River Band will be returning to their native shores. . .

KATHLEEN O'BRIAN

DRAGON

-a studio portrait

Ross Gardiner.

In any lunch-hour, especially a Friday, King Street Sydney is a hectic, bustling hive of activity. Several floors above street level, in the spacious, panelled control room of Albert's recording studio, the five members of Dragon and CBS's numero uno producer, Peter Dawkins, are intently listening to playbacks of demo recordings and debating the merits of each song—quite oblivious to the thronging madness taking place outside. As Dragon have recently scored a contract with the elite CBS subsidary label, Portrait —through the efforts of Peter Dawkins—the onus is now on Dragon and Dawkins to come up with an album that will consolidate the band's growing Australian following and fulfil the requirements for an American record company. The *Sunshine* album housed a fine set of songs and was adequately backed by CBS locally: yet, while it has done exceedingly well, critics, friends and even members of the band know too well the *Sunshine* album does not capture the raunch Dragon get happening live. The dilemma facing producer Dawkins—a knob-twiddler with an outstanding rate of commercial success—was how to get Dragon live down onto the calm persistence of vinyl. This was, I reasoned, why an air of nervous tension existed in the control room.

Producer Dawkins—attired in the conservative trendy garb one would expect from a successful record producer—seemed in full control of the session. Over the past five days, the band informed me, things had been running smoothly enabling eight rhythm tracks: namely *Bob's Budgie Boogie*; *Any Fool Can Tell You*; *Since You Changed Your Mind* (previously known as *Yahoo*); *Man Gone West*; *Rose*; *Some Strange Dream*; *Shooting Star* and *April Sun in Cuba* to be put down without too many hitches. After some tenuous consultation between band and producer it was universally agreed to attempt *Running Free* next.

Affable kiwi engineer, Wyn Wynard, bops around the studio moving this and that, generally getting the technical aspects ready to roll. Decorating the wall of the studio are two posters—placed there no doubt by the Dragons to get some atmosphere into the sterile surrounds—one, a newspaper billboard which announced "The King is Dead—Elvis Dies," the other a three foot high art work submitted by an adoring fan which states, "You're my Sunshine, Robert!"

After some general shuffling around, Todd Hunter, brandishing a brand spanking new Precision Bass, and Robert Taylor ("I've got a new Strat, man") are in position and *Running Free, Take 1* booms through the studio monitors. Marc Hunter, looking like he hasn't shaved for a couple of days, sits on the edge of a chair in the control room singing a guide vocal. It sounds great, the feel is earthy and driving. Back in the control room, listening to the play-back, producer Dawkins spots a discordant bum note in the guitar part, a discovery that brings about a chorus of "Oh, shit!" and "Letz do it again, folks."

Charged up the Dragons rip into it with Marc spitting out the vocals again. The take is a good one, yet meticulous Dawkins finds the bass is slightly out of tune, necessitating another take. Nonchalantly the band agrees, after all that's what a producer gets paid for, right? The next take is tackled with a *Lets get it right this time* determination but unfortunately, and quite mysteriously Paul Hewson's organ track disappears mid-song. A puzzled producer scours the console for the problem's source only to find everything perfectly in order. Engineer Wyn is quickly hastened. After ten minutes of scurrying about he discovers the malfunction is in Paul's Acoustic amp. Forget about the amp, commands producer Dawkins with his eye on the clock. We've got to get the track down, so plug the organ straight into the desk.

With all these hassles going on—1½ hours have elapsed and still the rhythm track isn't down—I began to wonder how the band could remain vibed up now to keep the feel happening. Predictably the next two takes are all at sea—the feel and tempo falter under the pressure of the previous hassles. From the first note of the *next* take Dragon get it on, displaying plenty of fire and, more to the point, real balls in the studio. A nervous, crowded control room listens to the play-back with bated breath (fingers crossed too). *Yipee!* A great take, it worked beautifully. The stern concentration of the past hour is wiped from the air in a flash: replaced with a mood of relaxed calm. Slumped in the deep leather control room chairs, swinging on a bottle of strong (but extremely palatable) over-proof rum, the Dragons talk casually amongst themselves, sorting out what to do next.

Paul Hewson is visibly itching to put down some keyboard over-dubs, especially on the grand piano, and producer Dawkins agrees. The backing track is re-played a couple of times as Paul sits doodling on the ivories, working out a variety of different parts. The first take doesn't please the producer with its spontaneity—"Just play the piece!"—and Paul finally settles on a straight part that just follows the chord structure. The second take gets it down painlessly.

With an hour of studio time left, the general consensus is to make a start on a track, written by Marc in a Brisbane Hotel room, called *Telephone*. Quite a departure from material usually covered by Dragon, *Telephone* is definitely full-on rock 'n' roll in the raucous London New Wave vein. It begins with a vicious Kerry Jacobson drum beat, some super-distorted electric piano and beefy power chords from Robert Taylor. As per usual, Todd Hunter's bass riff is solid yet sinuous, guiding the rhythm section through great lumps of sound that nip around but never lose the right direction.

Marc's lyrics are delivered with awesome gut-level power: a strong example of his singing prowess and fast developing solo songwriting ability.

"Come on tele, come on tele, come on telephone
Bring my baby, bring my baby, bring my baby home."

Sung over a thunderous riff, the simple yet frantic refrain develops into a power-house rocker that will surely open the eyes of those turned onto the lighter side of the Dragon repertoire. Unlike *Running Free* there are no problems experienced getting this one down; the second take satisfies both band and producer.

Drummer Kerry is keen to double track a tom-tom part, gets the nod from the producer, and it works well. The already strong rhythm is fortified further with a chunka-chunka tribal beat pattern.

After hearing the play-back it's obvious the Dragons are immensely pleased with the way *Telephone* turned out. One Dragon member says only semi-sarcastically: "Johnny Rotten will shit himself when he hears this!"

It's nearly 5 p.m. and producer Dawkins calls it quits for the day. After running off a cassette of the day's work (he says he gets production ideas while listening to the 'roughs' at home) he splits for suburbia feeling quite pleased, I guess, with the progress of the second Dragon album. After five days in the studio 10 basic tracks, with some over-dubs, have been completed leaving three full weeks of studio time for additional over-dubs, vocals and mixing. For such a talented band, and workman-like producer, this is ample time to add some masterly finishing touches. As a follow up to *Sunshine* this as yet un-titled album is definitely a step (to quote the title of Dragon's Portrait release) In the Right Direction. *(gaagh—sure it's not This Time too, Ross?—ed.)*

SUPERNAUT KEEPING ON KEEPING ON

Andrew McMillan

Gary Twinn wanted to be a rock 'n' roll guitarist. So he bought himself a guitar and an amp and formed a band. When the time came to hit the stage for the first time as support to a mob called Supernaut, the singer of the new band drifted off to reform school. A replacement was needed and the rock 'n' roll guitarist Gary Twinn stepped in.

When Supernaut asked him to join the band Twinn was over-awed. Here was his Big Chance—after just one gig *he* had been invited to join an established Perth band. His dream of being a rock 'n' roll guitarist had come true. He accepted the offer and the guys in Supernaut retaliated by smashing his guitar and selling his amplifier. They wanted a rock 'n' roll *singer.*

And a singer he became. Until four o'clock every morning. Drummer Joe Burnham had already left school and had no qualms about arranging practices which had a habit of running into the early hours of the morning. Gary Twinn, the Glaswegian born rock 'n' roll singer, was too busy to study—and besides, he liked going to the movies with Joe's younger brother Chris.

That all started about three years ago now. In February '76 they jumped into a truck and headed for Melbourne. The Big Time.

Three months later a weird juxtaposition of repeated images appeared on Countdown and I thought the new colour teev had cracked up. After buggering up the fine tuning knob for a couple of minutes I found out that it was the film clip for a song called *I Like It Both Ways* by a band called Supernaut. The film clip was a hit, as was the single.

Supernaut built a fairly strong following around Melbourne and soon reappeared with *Too Hot To Touch.* It was obvious that they were well on their way to *el gaspo* Stardom.

That was it though. The band toured the Southern states and lost their bass player. He hadn't fitted in with the core

GERALDINE PARKE

of the group—just another outsider who couldn't be assimilated. With only a matter of days to go before Supernaut entered the studios to record their debut album, Phill Foxman was recruited. A native of Bondi, Sydney, he learnt the songs and added a few ideas.

Within three days of release the album, simply entitled *Supernaut,* was certified gold. Another single, *Young and Innocent,* was released and for some contradictory reason, gathered dust on the unlisted shelves in radio station record libraries.

Supernaut though, aren't in the least bit perturbed. To the contrary, they refuse to play out the star trip game, preferring to present the present rather than the laurels of the past or the "and then we're gonna" dreams of the future. Throughout the interview the prevailing air is one of good natured slapstick humour. And is mostly concerned with the new album that is currently called *Test Pressing.* I say currently because when I did the interview the title was *Naughts And Crosses.* Four days later it was *Test Pressing* which is something like the twentieth definite title.

Okay, so let's talk about the new album. Chris takes his feet off the record company's boardroom table, "It's a lot rounder than the last one which was fairly (*square? Sorry boss, I couldn't resist*) erratic. The songs on the first album were written over a period of a couple of years so the content was erratic, whereas this one features more recent material. I think there's a bit more vocal content on this one too."

At the mention of vocal content Gary Twinn, he with the rag doll/puppet on a string stage act, cracks an embarrassed grin and hides in the corner. Resurfacing, he explains that the songs have improved and that the band have spent a lot more time on production, which is a bit of a misleading statement really, when you consider that the production on the first album was hardly as grotty as they'd like to make out.

"We've changed studios too and recorded it at TCS in Melbourne wif' John French. Actually," continues Gary, "de songwriting line-up is basically de same as it was last time where Chris, me an' Joey wrote de stuff an' den Phill came along an' added bits to it. De chemistry 'as changed a bit vough cos vere's one more head. We write an' arrange de songs as we go along rarver dan aving one person write dem." That's how Gary talks, 'onest.

"Everything we do we analyse," adds Chris, answering my next suggestion before I've had a chance to repeat the charge. "I don't think we've sat down and tried to contrive anything, it's just what comes naturally. There are so many influences on the band (*ranging from Fleetwood Mac to Billy Cobham to Led Zep and Bad Company to movie soundtracks*) that eventually all the different ideas come together in the songs."

Obviously therefore, there isn't a set direction for the music to take, is there; "The band has never aimed in a particular direction," answers Joe. "If someone wants to do a song we won't say *no, that's getting away from the musical direction we want to take.* If we like a song we'll do it."

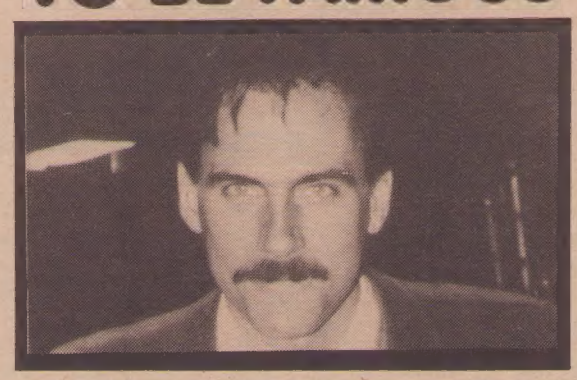
JAMES TAYLOR DOESN'T WANT TO BE FAMOUS

Agatha Christie.

It's nearly ten years since James Taylor was singing on street corners in London. And more than that since he was a rich, screwed up kid in a loony bin, meeting the girl about whose suicide he wrote *Fire And Rain.*

Now Taylor is a family man, married to Carly Simon, and a member of the American elite of singer/songwriters. He's recently switched labels to C.B.S. and come out with his eight album, *J.T.*. His new material is decidedly more calm than the confused youth who got into dope produced; it's still as personal, but it reflects a life of ease and security. An adult.

"Sometimes I have my doubts about being so personal in my songs." he says. "But there's no sense in holding anything back. I can only write about myself anyway. It's the personal gratification of songwriting that makes it all worthwhile, the navigation through life by self-expression." It's things like that last bit that have caused accusations of self-indulgence to be levelled at Taylor. Yeah, sure it's alright to navigate away like crazy if your life is as secure as his. But you can hardly blame the man for being successful;



it would be false for him to try to maintain a Sensitive Lad stance when he's a fully fledged family man, conservative enough to object to his wife's horny album covers.

Taylor retreated from his early success and its media blitz for some years, but has now re-emerged. "I must say that my head has definitely been messed up by the whole process of selling and making a living out of what was once a totally pleasurable thing." It happens to just about everyone who doesn't set out to be a star *per se,* and Taylor has handled it better than most. "I know I'll never get away from marketing myself, so perhaps I should get more serious and treat songwriting like a trade."

Just like a family man should. In fact, *Family Man* is one of the most successful tracks on his '76 album, *In The Pocket.* Lots of people like hearing a man singing about being normal, apparently. Whether he likes it or not, and he doesn't very much, preferring to spend time with his wife and young son, Taylor is a celebrity. He has to bear with the concomitant hassle. And he must be aware of the hoards of struggling musicians out there, pushing and trying to make a buck without being ripped off too much, looking at his somewhat reluctant success and muttering: *I* should be so unlucky. . .

BEING THE WHALES' FRIEND ISN'T SO EASY

Annie Burton.

The members of the Whale and Dolphin Coalition who set out for Cheynes Whaling Station, in Albany, Western Australia, found things fraught with difficulties when they eventually reached Albany after making the long and dreary trek across the Nullabor. The caravan comprised ten people from the international Greenpeace Foundation and the Whale and Dolphin Coalition; when they arrived, they found Albany was well aware of their presence and intentions. The town was closed to them.

The Whaling Station itself had been closed to visitors, that was to be expected. The research vessel the group had chartered for whale observation had cancelled its availability, after negotiations for its use had been finalised. Accomodation for the group had withdrawn its hospitality after agreeing to shelter them. Police had been called out to protect the gates of the Station against what the Coalition insists was peaceful demonstration. The Western Australian police had also issued threats of deportation against anybody not holding an Australian passport. The threat applied to members of the group like Jean-Paul Fortom, the commissioner for Panama at the International Whaling Commission meeting in Canberra earlier this year; he's also the director of the Institute for Dolphin Research in Florida. Bob Hunter, a founder of Greenpeace, is Canadian, and therefore also deportable.

The Coalition's offer to ransom the life of the last female Cachalot whale killed in the hunting season has been rejected by Mr. Reilly, Chairman of Cheynes Beach Holding Ltd. Apparently, accepting the offer to pay an amount equivalant to the last whale's worth would seem too much like condoning their objections.

So, the locals were hostile; although one female member reported making friends with the local bikie pack, who came to hassle and left converted. Outlaw sympathies are often mutual. . .

The Coalition has used 15 foot inflatable rubber dinghies to hassle the hunting boats. A dangerous proposition—the dinghies are flimsy craft for the big swells of the Roaring Forties and possible attack by White Pointer sharks excited by whale killing. "This is a dangerous attempt but not a foolhardy one," Bob Hunter declared. One morning, the group's Zodiac boat, crewed by Fortom and Hunter, managed to harrass one of the whaling boats successfully until engine failure forced them to return to shore. Soon after, the Zodiac was more successful; its crew members managed to hamper the whale chaser boat for twelve and a half hours, forcing it to cease hunting operations by manouvering between the harpoon guns and the whales. No engine problems this time, the Coalition considered that strike one for their side, and intends to continue hassling as long as they're able.

These tactics have been used successfully by the Greenpeace people for three years, against Russian whaling boats and seal hunters. It's the old speck-in-the-eye trick—small but intensely irritating, annoying enough to draw attention to the larger issue.

The Coalition has changed its tactics. From bombarding Crazy Grazier Fraser with questions, they've switched to Mr. Purnell-Webb, the head of the Fisheries Division in Canberra, who has the power to grant Cheynes a whaling licence for next year. A public hearing should be permitted for objections to whale slaughter before a final decision is made—by one man.

Meanwhile, the Coalition is sending a group to Canberra to object publicly and personally to Mr. Purnell-Webb. You can too, by writing or sending a telegram. After all, it would be nice for your children to know what the largest aquatic mammals, and definitely the most intelligent, looked like. .

Chartz

• Denotes Bullet Performer.

OZ SINGLES

This Last Week		
1 (2)	YOU'RE MOVING OUT TODAY	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
2 (1)	I GO TO RIO	Peter Allen (A&M)
3 (3)	AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE	Joe Tex (Epic)
4 (7)	DON'T FALL IN LOVE	Ferretts (Mushroom)
5 (4)	RIO	Michael Nesmith (Island)
6 (5)	YOU'VE GOTTA GET UP AND DANCE	Supercharge (Virgin)
7 (6)	WHAT I DID FOR LOVE	Marcia Hines (Miracle)
8 (8)	WHAT CAN I SAY/LIDO SHUFFLE	Boz Scaggs (CBS)
9 (15)	•I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
10 (9)	UNDERCOVER ANGEL	Alan O'Day (Atlantic)
11 (10)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra (U.A.)
12 (17)	•MA BAKER	Boney M (Atlantic)
13 (19)	•FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)
14 (11)	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY	Thelma Houston (Motown)
15 (12)	LUCILLE	Kenny Rogers (United Artists)
16 (13)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A&M)
17 (14)	WALK RIGHT IN	Dr. Hook (Capitol)
18 (16)	LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE	Smokie (Rak)
19 (21)	LOST IN FRANCE	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)
20 (18)	DANCE LITTLE LADY DANCE	Tina Charles (CBS)
21 (20)	MY LITTLE GIRL	T.M.G. (Mushroom)
22 (22)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor (CBS)
23 (24)	JET AIRLINER	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
24 (–)	•WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley (RCA)
25 (26)	DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE	Peter McCann (20th Century)
26 (30)	•A FOOL IN LOVE	Jeff St. John (Asylum)
27 (27)	DR. LOVE	Tina Charles (CBS)
28 (–)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb (Interfusion)
29 (–)	OLD SCHOOL YARD	Cat Stevens (Island)
30 (23)	I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT	Rod Stewart (W.B.)

OZ ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1 (1)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs (CBS)
2 (3)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (United Artists)
3 (2)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
4 (5)	CAROLE BAYER SAGER	Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
5 (8)	MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 (9)	LADIES AND GENTLEMEN	Marcia Hines (Miracle)
7 (6)	BOOK OF DREAMS	Steve Miller Band (Mercury)
8 (4)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton (A&M)
9 (7)	DIAMANTINA COCKTAIL	Little River Band (EMI)
10 (22)	•I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
11 (10)	CSN	Crosby Stills & Nash (Atlantic)
12 (11)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
13 (12)	HERE AT LAST.BEE GEES LIVE	Bee Gees (RSO)
14 (20)	•WORKS	Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)
15 (15)	I ROBOT	Alan Parsons Project (Arista)
16 (18)	J.T.–James Taylor (CBS)	
17 (19)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10cc (Mercury)
18 (13)	TAUGHT BY EXPERTS	Peter Allen (A&M)
19 (17)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp (A&M)
20 (14)	LOCAL LADS MAKE GOOD	Supercharge (Virgin)
21 (21)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes (Atlantic)
22 (23)	RAINBOW ON STAGE	Rainbow (Polydor/Oyster)
23 (16)	PHOTOPLAY	Sherbet (Razzle)
24 (26)	FROM A RADIO ENGINE TO THE PHOTON WING	Michael Nesmith (Island)
25 (24)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)
26 (–)	•SIMPLE THINGS	Carole King (Capitol)
27 (27)	LOVE GUN	Kiss (Casablanca)
28 (–)	•LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M (Atlantic)
29 (–)	FIVE TIMES THE SUN	The Dingoes (A&M)
30 (28)	ENDLESS FLIGHT	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)

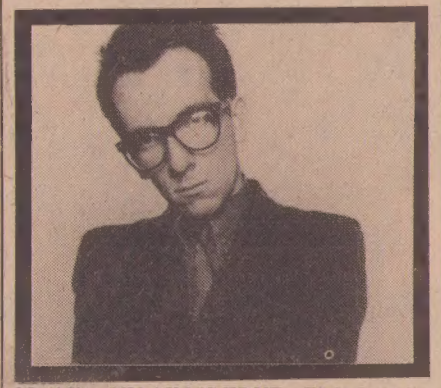
U.K. SINGLES

This Last Week		
1 (6)	•MAGIC FLY	Space
2 (2)	WAY DOWN	Elvis Presley
3 (1)	FLOAT ON	Floaters
4 (20)	•SILVER LADY	David Soul
5 (11)	•OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre
6 (9)	NIGHTS ON BROADWAY	Candi Staton
7 (12)	•DEEP DOWN INSIDE	Donna Summer
8 (5)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
9 (8)	YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES	Showaddywaddy
10 (10)	THE CRUNCH	Rah Band
11 (15)	•TULANE	Steve Gibbons Band
12 (3)	ANGELO	Brotherhood Of Man
13 (4)	THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR	Deniece Williams
14 (23)	•TELEPHONE MAN	Meri Wilson
15 (15)	DANCIN' IN THE MOONLIGHT	Thin Lizzy
16 (25)	•SPANISH STROLL	Mink DeVille
17 (7)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
18 (21)	SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN	Elkie Brooks
19 (14)	WE'RE ALL ALONE	Rita Coolidge

20 (17)	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts
21 (13)	DO ANYTHING YOU WANNA DO	The Rods
22 (28)	•LOOKING AFTER NUMBER ONE	Boomtown Rats
23 (27)	•ALL AROUND THE WORLD	Jam
24 (–)	•I CAN'T GET YOU OUTA MY MIND	Yvonne Elliman
25 (19)	MA BAKER	Boney M
26 (–)	•DREAMER	Jacksons
27 (–)	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Elvis Presley
28 (22)	IT'S YOUR LIFE	Smokie
29 (–)	THINK I'M GONNA FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU	Dooleys
30 (24)	ROADRUNNER ONCE, ROADRUNNER TWICE	Jonathan Richman

U.K. ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1 (5)	•OXYGENE	Jean Michel Jarre
2 (4)	A STAR IS BORN	Soundtrack
3 (3)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
4 (2)	20 ALL TIME GREATS	Connie Francis
(12)	•MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
6 (1)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
7 (7)	I REMEMBER YESTERDAY	Donna Summer
8 (1)	STRANGLERS IV (RATUS NORVEGICUS)	Stranglers
9 (6)	THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION	
10 (9)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
11 (20)	•EXODUS	Bob Marley and the Wailers
12 (20)	•NEW WAVE	Various Artists
13 (8)	ARRIVAL	Abba
14 (24)	•LOVE FOR SALE	Boney M



15 (18)	MY AIM IS TRUE	Elvis Costello
16 (13)	ELVIS' 40 GREATEST	Elvis Presley
17 (16)	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Elvis Presley
18 (10)	LOVE AT THE GREEK	Neil Diamond
19 (14)	THE FLOATERS	
20 (–)	•G.I. BLUES	Elvis Presley
21 (–)	•A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
22 (–)	•STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
23 (26)	DECEPTIVE BENDS	10cc
24 (–)	•BLUE HAWAII	Elvis Presley
25 (–)	•ELVIS AS RECORDED LIVE ON STAGE IN MEMPHIS	Elvis Presley
26 (22)	THE BEST OF ROD STEWART	
27 (–)	ROCK 'N' ROLL WITH THE MODERN LOVERS	Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers
28 (–)	MINK DEVILLE	
29 (–)	GONG LIVE	
30 (16)	THE MUPPET SHOW	Muppets

Two titles tied for 4th position.

U.S. SINGLES

This Last Week		
1 (2)	YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER)	Rita Coolidge
2 (3)	HANDY MAN	James Taylor
3 (7)	•DON'T STOP	Fleetwood Mac
4 (5)	FLOAT ON	Floaters
5 (1)	BEST OF MY LOVE	Emotions
6 (9)	TELEPHONE LINE	Electric Light Orchestra
7 (6)	I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING	Andy Gibb
8 (13)	•ON AND ON	Stephen Bishop
9 (10)	HOW MUCH LOVE	Leo Sayer
10 (4)	EASY	Commodores
11 (14)	SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE	Sanford-Townsend Band
12 (15)	STRAWBERRY LETTER 23	Brothers Johnson
13 (17)	SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC	Johnny Rivers
14 (19)	•KEEP IT COMIN' LOVE	K.C. and the Sunshine Band
15 (18)	COLD AS ICE	Foreigner
16 (8)	JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO	Crosby, Stills and Nash
17 (20)	STAR WARS THEME	Meco
18 (25)	•NOBODY DOES IT BETTER	Carly Simon
19 (21)	STAR WARS	London Symphony Orchestra
20 (23)	DON'T WORRY BABY	B.J. Thomas
21 (12)	GIVE A LITTLE BIT	Supertramp
22 (16)	BLACK BETTY	Ram Jam
23 (26)	JUNGLE LOVE	Steve Miller Band
24 (29)	•THAT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL	Shaun Cassidy
25 (11)	YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Bay City Rollers
26 (27)	EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE	Bee Gees
27 (30)	HARD ROCK CAFE	Carole King
28 (–)	BOOGIE NIGHTS	Heatwave
29 (–)	I FEEL LOVE	Donna Summer
30 (22)	BARRACUDA	Heart

U.S. ALBUMS

This Last Week		
1 (1)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac
2 (2)	CSN	Crosby, Stills and Nash
3 (4)	STAR WARS	Soundtrack
4 (3)	JT	James Taylor
5 (10)	•MOODY BLUE	Elvis Presley
6 (6)	REJOICE	Emotions
7 (7)	GOING FOR THE ONE	Yes
8 (5)	STREISAND SUPERMAN	Barbra Streisand
9 (11)	ANYTIME... ANYWHERE	Rita Coolidge
10 (8)	I'M IN YOU	Peter Frampton
11 (13)	FOREIGNER	
12 (24)	•SHAUN CASSIDY	
13 (14)	FLOATERS	
14 (15)	RIGHT ON TIME	Brothers Johnson
15 (17)	STEVE WINWOOD	
16 (19)	I, ROBOT	Alan Parsons Project
17 (16)	AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS	Neil Young
18 (12)	EXODUS	Bob Marley and the Wailers
19 (9)	CAT SCRATCH FEVER	Ted Nugent
20 (21)	HERE AT LAST... BEE GEES... LIVE	
21 (22)	LOVE GUN	Kiss
22 (18)	COMMODORES	

23 (–)	•TERRAPIN STATION	Grateful Dead
24 (23)	LITTLE QUEEN	Heart
25 (25)	EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS	Supertramp
26 (26)	SIMPLE THINGS	Carole King
27 (–)	THE GRAND ILLUSION	Styx
28 (28)	PLATINUM JAZZ	War
29 (30)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
30 (–)	IT'S A GAME	Bay City Rollers

Charts courtesy Kent Music.

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10cc in Australia- Haircuts and Reminiscence

Eavesdropping by Annie Burton.

It's two o'clock in the afternoon and 10cc are having their hair done. Super-efficient promo lady with a sense of humour Patti Mostyn had arranged for a mass cut-and-blow-job (not *that* kind—Ms Mostyn's duty doesn't extend *that* far) by a couple of Sydney's respected hair artistes in the band's hotel room. The artistes de hair are the kind that wear immaculately shabby jeans and navaho belts and treat hair as a medium and a message, not just the stuff that litters the top of your head. However, 10cc are having haircuts; they're not the kind that goes in for hair creations. "It was just a matter of being here and it needed doing. We could have been really flash and brought somebody out here, but I think that's going a bit far—unless your whole act revolves around your head." Graham Gouldman says.

In fact, they're not the pop-star kind at all. They're friendly, earth-bound, democratically minded humans who just happen to be enormously talented. Very good at their job.

Merry noises are coming from the bathroom, where the hair-cutting is taking place. Eric Stewart is awaiting his turn, and pats the moss green couch, inviting me to sit and talk. He's a medium size man, with an unlined, placid face that comes dangerously close to being cute; a tendency toward plumpness and a disarming smile remind you of Paul McCartney, except Eric Stewart's colouring is light, pale brown hair and greenish eyes. McCartney is a friend of his; the light voice and Manchunian (Manchester, that is; pronounced *Manquenian*, I discover) accent add to the resemblance, as does a certain calmness. He gives you the impression he's fond of simple things, like dogs, kids and the country, without actually saying as much.

It comes out in his attitude to this Australian tour. Instead of rushing round the country at the sort of pace that kills off roadies as they try to cover vast distances getting stage gear from city to city in the same time it takes a band to hop a plane, 10cc are taking things at a more leisurely pace. "Well," he says, "The gear has to be trucked from place to place. Some of the distances are so enormous, we have to give them time to do it all. I was really surprised by Australia; I had no preconceived notions of what to expect, especially after a thirty hour flight—I wasn't in the right sort of mood for anything good. But we got off the plane and had a bit of a look around, and it's like it's halfway between England and America—yeah, the best and the worst of both. It's a good combination."

Constant phone calls to various radio stations interrupt whatever's going on in the room. "It's that call to Melbourne." says Patti, handing the phone to Eric. His manner is continually pleasant, asking if it's alright for him to play his favourite track, *Wall Street Shuffle*, because it's a long one, reiterating his pleasant surprise at Australia in a way such a way that you have to believe him. Unless he's got a hatchet hidden in his luggage or he's the best actor in rock 'n' roll (the home of many fine day-to-day whitewash performances) Eric Stewart is one of the most genuine people I've ever encountered in this grubby business.

"Yeah, we're doing even better than I ever thought it could be." he says into the phone. "The band's come together really well. After only three weeks of rehearsals the British tour was great; both the audiences and the reviews were really good." Interesting to note the differentiation between audience and critic; he's right, of course. The last piece RAM had on 10cc details the new members, so there's no need to go into their whys and wherefores here. But that piece was written at the beginning of the British tour, when Stewart and Gouldman were the bosses; they still are, but there's a kind of ease between them and the ring-ins that indicates the bosses/workers line is blurring. It's becoming barely discernible.

Stuart Tosh, the drummer from the deceased Pilot, is waiting for the hair treatment as well. He's rather older than you'd expect if you'd seen the film clips of Pilot doing their *January* hit; he's stocky, strong through the shoulders like a drummer should be, with an open, slightly anxious face and thick accent. He's twitchy, probably leary of interviewers, and escapes gratefully to the bathroom. Rick Fenn has vanished, having been instructed to turn up for hair-cutting and so far hasn't appeared. He stays disappeared until 5.30, when he wanders into the downstairs bar looking somewhat dazed, with newly cropped hair. Apparently he'd followed instructions but gone to the hotel barber, where he'd been all the time. Fenn is tall, built on a large scale, and very shy. He's twenty five; nevertheless, he has a decidedly boyish air, reminding me of a large, handsome labrador. Tony O'Malley turns up in the bar as well; O'Malley has the most pop-star air about him, a little flash, a little arrogant, wearing a mattress ticking jacket with a very dead carnation in his buttonhole. He's that particular type of Englishman, Londoner rather, with pouched eyes, fair, floppy hair and beard. His face shows some wear and tear; he's a *where's the action* man, and he looks like he'd start some if he couldn't find any already in progress. Paul Burgess, the other drummer who has already played with 10cc on *Deceptive Bends*, looks younger than he is, almost like a schoolboy; nobody got to barber *his* straggly long hair.

But all this is later. Cut back to that phone call: "Yeah, we have re-arranged songs to show up the various new talents we've got in the band." Eric Stewart is saying. "We've found some *guts* now; it's certainly much more of a live band than the old 10cc. That was our main problem for the first two years of gigging; we couldn't get over the fact that we could drop a bum note on stage and let it go. We were so used to being in the studio and when you do it there you can take it back and do it again. It took us a long time to realise there was a live audience out there; we were very much concentrating on playing perfectly." He continues

K. O'BRIAN

answering unheard questions I'm not above pinching. "My favourite track, and I think it was one of the best things we ever recorded although I doubt it was a hit over here, was called *Wall Street Shuffle*. Lol (Creme, from the old 10cc) and I were actually crossing over Wall Street in New York and Lol said 'Let's do the Wall Street Shuffle', and we left it and remembered it later. You store these things in the back of your mind. You stay receptive to everything round you, then when you've got to write, you remember it. I wrote the song with Graham." Which explains why they still do it in concert.

WHAT MAKES THIS 10cc THE FULL MEASURE.

. Graham Gouldman emerges with his black curls trimmed and dried. Seeing as I've started this police file physical description jag, might as well finish it. Gouldman is taller, with dark olive skin and slightly protuberant brown eyes. His accent is a thicker Manchunian than Stewart's, and he favours a line of clothing distinctive for its neat anonymity—dark jackets that zip up the front, plain colours. "Have you seen our film clip, the one of *Good Morning Judge?*" he asks. He and Stewart are both very interested in the possibilities of film; video cassettes for an entire album aren't far away, it seems. "When you're recording in the studio you're acting to a certain extent; you have to be to put the feeling across." In the *Judge* clip, all those twelve jurors are Stewart and Gouldman, filmed again and again in different disguises. The experience has opened up a whole new vista of possibilities. "It would be great to have a film of a whole album like that—cause then you could work backwards as well, come up with a great film idea and write a song for it." The theme goes on to encompass Walt Disney, who despite his dreadfully reactionary ideals (no-one who works at Disneyworld can wear glasses, for instance), has contributed hugely to pushing back the frontiers of what is possible.

"I think we've done a little bit of the same thing ourselves," says Graham. "The idea of doing things with recording that physically, would shatter you, like doing the voices on *I'm Not In Love*. It was such a *long* thing, not the easiest thing to do." How long? "I think it was over a week and a half of just doing the voices. . . I'm not sure, but it suddenly becomes. . . it suddenly had nothing to do with music, it was just a job, you know, I used to earn my living going AAAAAAAAAH." he breaks off into laughter, the angelic expression he'd assumed for singing collapsing into a slightly buck-toothed grin.

"Fortunately most of the time recording's an enjoyable thing to do, like building anything. Course it's not like building a tower block, if you make a mistake you can just rub it out and start again. But we hear things that you don't, like we think we've done a bad concert and people say it was great, you say thank you very much—you don't say oh I thought it was awful, unless it was really horrendous". Just like The Queen—she always says *"Theank You"* when complimented, even if she thinks it's the shittiest speech she's ever made. *Manners Lesson no. I* for all you gels who simper and say *'This old thing? Oh no, I'm really very ugly'* when someone tells you how beautiful you look.

EXPLANATIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

"You can never put over a feeling just with words. Like with music—I never say to Eric 'I think this chord, it should be a minor chord because I feel it should go into a sad part in this song; all I do is go *Brrrung*."

How is this method of communication going with the new band? "Great. It's really good." He pauses, heaves a here-we-go-again sigh. "Because of what's happened to us, with Kev and Lol leaving, it's been a real kick up the bum for us, and I think that's a very healthy thing. Cause there were some very anxious moments when they left, and it wasn't till we got in the studio and we found the record sounded amazingly like 10cc that we felt really justified in keeping the name. Because I think when 50% of a team goes that you don't have a right to retain the name. But one reason was that the record sounded like 10cc to us, and also that Eric and I had written most of the singles over the past two years, and Eric had sung on most of them. We felt justified in retaining the name." He speaks very carefully, and honest to God, his eyes are getting misty; *distant*. "I was very aware that people felt we weren't justified in keeping the name, and I didn't want any of the songs that Kev and Lol sung or wrote in the stage act, because it would be terrible for people to say we had to rely on their things to make it. Because if we're making it we're making it on our own, off our own bat, not off any past thing. That seemed the fair thing to do, and I think that's been the right decision. We can't get accused of. . I mean, for a start, I would not want, could not physically sing a song that Kevin used to sing—That seems totally unfair." He uses a lot of words that have to do with fairness and honesty. They mean more to him than a public image.

"I think we'd be taking advantage of the audience as well. If they're gonna hear, say, *Don't Hang Up*, from *How Dare You*, that is *Kevin's song*, it's his. . . *thing*. Even though we all produced it, and were as involved as Kevin was in it, it's still *his song*. So we don't do it. It would be nice to have a song like that in, but *we* should write it, if we felt we need that type of song in the act."

The resentment between the two factions seems to have died down. "Oh yeah," says Graham. "In fact we haven't seen them, because they've only just finished recording their album. It's coming out in October, but they've been sixteen months making it, cause they were making it while they were in 10cc, and it's a triple album. Very interesting album." They certainly kept it a secret.

After all the teasing snippets about the Godley/Creme Gizmo, it turns out to be not such a mystery after all. "We'd been using the Gizmo thing for ages in 10cc. I think it's on *Sheet Music*, yeah, the second album, that far back. It's taken that long to develop, three years. The thing was though, that it's being marketed this year, and they wanted to have the first album out using it." For those of you who don't know, the Gizmo is a sort of guitar synthesizer device, a kind of miniature version of a big keyboard synthesizer, that can make a guitar produce the range of noises previously restricted to the keyboard kind. I think, anyway. You realise this info is what they call a scoop. . .

"Fair enough," Gouldman continues. "That was important, but it really got in the way of 10cc. And that was the thing that we were all committed to in the first place. So they did the honourable thing."

There's that notion of honour again. It's a most unusual phenomenon in the rock world, where a musician can find out he's no longer in a big band by reading the trade papers when nobody's had the consideration to tell him face to face. But like Stewart, Gouldman seems completely genuine. Despite those *gotta be nice to Vincent Price* lyrics, I don't think he's got a hatchet hidden in his luggage either. . .

"But it was quite difficult thing, *now we're going to go off and write songs*, it wasn't that at all." He breaks off. The impression is that the memory is still rather painful.

"When you get a situation like that, managers and people like that, they want you to keep together. And I s'pose they're right, but it comes back to whether or not you can do it. And we had enough confidence to think well, we can carry on. They wanted to do the project on their own and we wouldn't have wanted to have anything to do with it, it's their invention, it's horrible to take credit for something you've not done. It's not right, and we don't need that."

He makes an unflattering comparison to writing: "You don't want to be known for somebody else's work, when somebody comes up to you and says 'That's an *incredible* article, so much better than your other ones.' Be terrible, wouldn't it?" Yes. It is. Especially when you're being *abused* for someone else's work. . .

"We always take care with that, we always take things track by track with who's played what and make sure it's right."

GRAFFITI

TASTE: KNIGHTS OF LOVE OR KIDS ON A STAR TRIP?

Andrew McMillan

By eleven o'clock the skies had taken on a light shade of grey and rain was trickling down the plate glass windows. Ken Murdoch was looking rather seedy too—the pasty grey flesh on his gaunt face was on the verge of flaking off and his eyes were swimming in last night's alcohol. We conceded that a Thursday morning was not a healthy time to conduct an interview. Guitarist Joey Amenta on the other hand, was radiant; sitting back in his chair, politely watching the circus file past. And when it comes to Taste, the circus files past verrry s-l-o-w-l-y. . .

"They're good musicians for such a young band though," echoes a voice. A young band! Ken Murdoch has worked with the various line-ups of this band for the past seven years, partaking in the transitions from Hearts to Cloud 9 and finally Taste. The current line-up has been working professionally for almost four years! But still they are seen as a young band who are so damn young that they're not worth seeing, which is bullshit if their current album is anything to go by. Joey concedes that it was probably their former manager Chris "I played with Hush" Nolan who promoted the image of the band as young boys. According to Joey, "Chris used to say 'These guys are so young, they're so incredible, they're so fantastic, Virgil Donati is the most incredible drummer because he's so young, look at their age. . .'" Actually, I seem to recollect the guys in the band boasting about their youth and "Virgil was playing drums with symphony orchestras before he was born" type raves about eighteen months ago, so I guess it wasn't all Nolan's fault. But now the whole idea sux, don't it guys?!

Admittedly, though they have been around for a few years now, they are still a relatively young band—but so are ten thousand others. Joey is quite proud to announce that when Taste lent themselves out on a tape-lease-deal to Phonogram (their fourth recording company) he was presented with a gold record and held the rather dubious honour of being the youngest Australian artist ever signed to that label. Recently however, Joey turned nineteen, but despite the senility that approaches with old age he still managed to add some intricate guitar solos to a fine album that is selling at the rate of a thousand copies each week. Most of those sales however, are limited to the Melbourne area because, although this is the third album by what is basically the same line up, their interstate promotion has never been strong. Sure they visit Sydney and Adelaide occasionally—and draw good responses—but they've never really ventured far from home. And for reasons that are best left unknown, they haven't received the media exposure that perhaps they deserve. Blame it on their youth folks. *They* do.

It goes further than that of course. They haven't exactly swept Australia off her wobbly feet over the past twelve months, and recently the shit has been hitting the proverbial fan. When Taste decided to part company with their manager, the Melbourne industry personnel rose to the occasion and threw everything they could at the band. Further to the North no-one gave a damn—after all, who the hell was Taste?

Okay let's cut the bitching and get on with what counts—the music.

Taste have just released a new album—*Knights Of Love*. The first thing that one notices is a strong medieval vein running from cover to cover. Says Ken, the main songwriter on the album, "I always used to read stuff like *Sword In The Stone*. I used to like all that kind of stuff. I like the words. . . and I also like the clothes and stuff, being a bit of a romantic."

The second thing that one notices is the production. Taste seem to be hellbent on emulating their heroes, (and I don't use that term lightly.) Critics have suggested that the album is lathered with too much cream, to the point of being over-produced. And those unavoidable Queen comparisons have been cited. Murdoch the producer is not impressed. "I reckon that if I've been influenced by Queen, the only thing that I've gained has been production. I strive for a standard now and on that album we got pretty close to reaching it. It's a softer album than the last but it's still got balls.

"We used a lot of percussion on it like hand claps and tambourines. Like 10 C.C. do that. Actually 10 C.C. would be a better comparison than Queen would be as far as production goes.

"We used an orchestra in *Over The Glen*. I told Peter Sullivan what I wanted because I hated that cliched orchestra type sound. I wanted a deeper orchestra sound and he went away and wrote the arrangement. I was in there on my own when we did the orchestra tape and I was really surprised with how good it sounded."

Personally I'm impressed with the album, but those comparisons keep rolling back all the same. And, as strange as it may seem, most of them are spurred on by Ken. "Y'see I'm more influenced by Led Zeppelin than I am by Queen, although they set a standard. And I like Robert Plant."

"And I love Jimmy Page," adds Joey, camping it up. "In fact, I adoooore Jimmy Page. . . "

"And live, they're what I'd like to be," continues Ken. "I like Abba. I like their production and their songs because I think they're really well put together. The words aren't especially great but if I want to hear an artist's words I'll listen to Jackson Browne. But just for listening purposes I thing Abba are fantastic." These guys sure do like committing suicide don't they. . . But what's this got to do with the new album?

"With *Knights Of Love* we were going for a more refined sound, but it can still be ballsy. But I think from being on stage recently that we'll probably make the next album a lot more ballsy; less use of other instruments."

Unfortunately I think that any balls that they may have on stage are lost in the overkill of Great Guitar God Hero solos and the like. This whole damned idea of *I can play better licks than Ritchie Blackmore* or *my falsettos are higher than Freddie Mercury's* gets rather boring after half an hour or so. They played for two hours straight at the Bondi Lifesaver last week and after a while it got a bit tedious, the monotony broken only be a few raunchy numbers like Led Zep's *When The Levy Breaks*. But still the solos, nicely executed but over done, kept coming.

"I think most of the solos are warranted," says G.G.G.H. Joey Amenta. "Doesn't really matter whether people get up and dance or not. Even in a pub it should be a concert type of thing. I just think we do what we do, you know? If we do solos we do solos. Like, we care about the people but we care about what we want to do too."

Excuse me folks, this is all too much for me. The inconsistencies are alarming. *We are a young band! We are not a young band! We are a concert orientated band! We play pubs and it's great if people don't get up and dance!* And when I mention that Rory Gallagher once had a band called Taste, Ken comes up with the quote that smashes everydamnthing that's been going down about concert audiences. "Most of the people who like the band have probably never heard of Rory Gallagher." Sheeeit!!! We've finally established that despite attempts to emulate their heroes (there's that word again) Taste are still a bopper band.

Graffiti promoting Cloud 9 may be fading from the billboards of Melbourne but Taste still haven't chosen a definite direction.

Is there another album due? Gouldman says they have plenty of ideas for songs, and riffs that have evolved inevitably out of touring, as these things will, but the next album 10cc release in November will be a live album recorded over the British tour. From the quality of their concert, it'll be damn good, to say the least.

"Unless we go to America we'll go into the studio in January. I'm looking forward to that, because it'll be interesting recording with all these different people. It's like having a small orchestra, and more challenging because we're going to have to do more of the arranging in the initial stages, whereas on some of the songs we just put down one thing, say acoustic guitar and drums, and then build on top of that. But I like the idea of playing together because I think you get an element you never get with overdubs. I hope it can't be heard, but sometimes things sound a bit cold."

Unfortunately, on the later 10cc albums, it can. At times the sound is almost clinical, as if they'd been recording in sterile gowns and surgical gloves. Gouldman goes on, momentarily excited. "But you get an extra element, a spark, when you're playing together. It's more natural as well, and we can put whatever unnatural things we want on after. One beauty of recording is that you can always take something out. We did that actually, on *I'm Not In Love*, where the girl says *Big boys don't cry*, there was a whole musical part, a whole song, words and music, and we just went rrrrip and took it out." Like editing—the wonderful feeling of slashing up pages of your own hard slog.

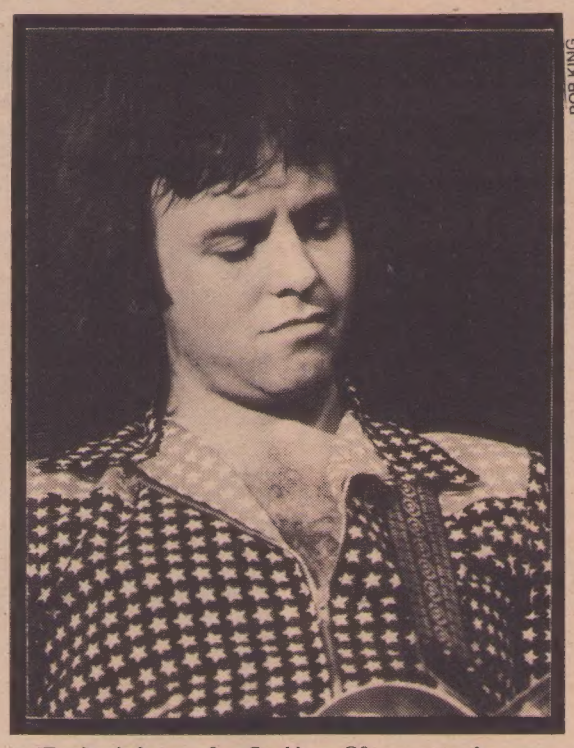
"Felt great. We're lucky really, in that what we like to write *other* people like. Cause if you're a little bit out of step, a bit out of synch, it's like two parallel lines that never meet." Fortunately, the public's and 10cc's taste meet bang in the middle.

Will the new members contribute to the songs?

"Yes, I'm sure they will. The principle we used with the old 10cc was whoever wrote the song would bring it in and then it would almost become the property of the band; we all had the right to change or add to it from what we thought would make it better. And that worked very, very well. Like Eric and I wrote *I'm Mandy, Fly Me* but we didn't like the words we'd written at all; we rewrote them and rewrote them, so we asked Kevin to come in. And he came up with them straight away. We had specialists—Kevin was a superb lyricist, as well as being a very good musician and writer. . . But it was good that, that type of thing." There's a real enthusiasm in his voice; it must have taken a lot of thought to go on being 10cc.

"And there was no sort of possessiveness either; it was a matter of *if you don't like it, you improve it, do something with it*. It's better, cause it cuts out people saying *I don't like that bit* and that's all. *I don't like that bit because and I think we should do this* is fine." He misses that supportiveness—no doubt about it.

"But it's amazing," he goes on enthusing, "like on one track we did, Lol said we should change the rhythm, and I could *not*, I couldn't figure it out, until later on in the recording I thought *yeah, that's right*. It was weird. Obviously when you write something it's your little baby, and changing the rhythm of it's like changing the colour of its eyes and hair. But of course if it hadn't have worked we wouldn't have used it. Cause we've recorded things two and three times. Changed things quite drastically, really big things, like the rhythm—it changes everything, it alters the phrasing of words, the whole atmosphere.



BOB KING

"Fresh minds can often fix things. Of course, you've got to have complete trust in the person that's doing the altering. When it started it was quite. . . *magical*." His eyes are getting further away all the time.

"Even though we weren't successful it didn't matter, there was something going on that was quite unique. Maybe in the end it was over-inventiveness that caused the split in the band. I often wonder what it would have been like. . . I don't dwell on it *(he must be kidding—he's been dwelling on it for hours now—ed)* but what would it have been like if we'd stuck it out?

"Of course I was convinced we could have taken over the world, there was enough talent there. . ." He returns to the three o'clock hotel room and *this* 10cc.

"It may well happen with this, but I know that on the writing side there's only Eric and myself, there's only two of us, and we do our best. But before we had the choice of two teams of writers, in fact there was six, cause I used to write with Kev, and then Eric would write with Lol and so on, all those combinations, that put out entirely different songs. Cause I still think to this day that *Sheet Music* was our best album, and that was the second album. Because it was done at that lovely point after the first album. Second albums are usually rushed, because of touring and everything, and I said *Right we want six months*, and that was what came out of it. I think that was a sort of peak then."

Gouldman pauses; his eyes come back into focus. It's quite remarkable; his eyes are a bit like a film when the mists swirl up and you know you're in for a flash-back. It's even more amazing how quickly he can flash into now, all optimistic enthusiasm, when a second before he'd been recording *Sheet Music* three years ago.

"But I think we've got more chance of reaching it again, now, than we did after *Sheet Music*. Because it's a new band, it's a new excitement, vitality in the band, so it could happen. *Sheet Music* contained all those ideas we'd had for years, all those frustrations we'd wanted to do for years in the studio with the band. In complete control, with a superb guitarist and drummer and keyboard player, being able to say now you do that. It's. . . phenomenal. I don't think it happens to a lot of bands. We had our problems. . . "

Then, after all that, he says: "I don't really like to analyse it that much because it's over, it's finished, gone, that's that. But it's interesting to think about it now and again. We were very lucky because the guys we've got now fell so beautifully into place. I thought we were going to have a lot more trouble, and really we've had no trouble at all. Stuart was in fact the only one who sent a tape in, and as soon as we saw who it was, cause we knew of his work with Pilot, he sent a photograph and he looked right, it was just a matter of saying come down to our rehearsal. And Tony was recommended to us through a friend of ours, and Rick Fenn knew Paul in Manchester. He knew his style, and it just fitted into place."

REPRISE

Later that evening, 10cc toddled off to be presented with a mound of gold records. I was right; Tony O'Malley is a born rager. He was pissed as a nit and saying things he shouldn't remarkably quickly, all of which I promised I wouldn't print. I do have some principles. Gouldman had shrugged off his reminiscent mood and was being jolly for the Countdown cameras. There were several takes that you didn't get to see—I liked the one that went: "HI, I'm Graham Gouldman." "And I'm Eric Stewart, and we'll be compering Countdown next week." "Yes, we'll be compering it to a lot of other television shows. . ." *Cut.*

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BRISBANE MAYNE HALL THURS. 29 SEPT.
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THE MUSIC

MENTAL NOTES L35588

SECOND THOUGHTS L35981

DIZRYTHMIA L36347

Mushroom Australia's Rock Plant

QANTAS

THRU Festival

On August, 13th, the doors of Sydney's Oxford Funhouse the *only* New Wave venue in Australia closed for good— there's a French Restaurant up there now. That night a young but very promising band, Psycho-Surgeons played to a half-full house, most of whom were unaware that they were witness to the passing of Australia's only regular meeting place for the New Wave and good old rock 'n' roll. Where else in this big city could so much dirt and decripitude feel so good, where else could you find such a great audience and where else on this planet would you ever find a juke-box with singles like that one?

But for most there that night, what happened will be remembered more vividly than any feelings of regret at the closing of the Funhouse. That Saturday, Paul Gearside the lead singer of the Psychos was dragged off the stage, slammed against the wall and had his balls kicked in by a Hell's Angel. I don't think I'll ever forget the look of absolute terror—mixed with a disbelief that it could actually be happening to *him*—on Paul's face as the Angel pushed through the crowd towards him at the end of the first number, grabbed him by the shirt and slammed him around while his bikie mates had everyone else cowering away. Stomachs were turned and a silence fell on the gathering as Paul lay screwed up on the floorboards unable to even rise to his knees. Guitarist Mark Taylor bravely volunteered to go instrumental for a while but there was no feeling and they called it off for a break, with the Angels just hanging around. When Gearside (*who is also an occasional contributing artist to RAM, though that's not why this story has been written—ed*) eventually made it back onto the stand he was greeted with a small, uncertain cheer of support, which turned into a roar at the end as he managed a bracing "Let's hear it for people who can't make babies" after Mark had made a similar plea for Minority Groups. There was obviously still a hell of a lot of aggro in the air though, and the whole thing was ended by the management at about ten to ten—despite the Psychos wanting to stay until the end. In fact, nobody wanted to go—with the Angels just waiting to get another crack at Paul—and it was the appearance of the cops that finally finished the night (and the Funhouse) off as first the punters and then the Angels left the place.

That's basically what happened that night—but I've got to stress that it was the *only* time I saw any violence from the crowd at the Funhouse. It spoilt what should've been a great gig because the week before, the Psychos had turned in what I thought was one of the best rock 'n' roll sets I've ever heard. Their *Louie Louie was* the best ever—anger, frustration, feedback, all the r 'n' r extras that make for a great gig were there. This band isn't afraid to push things a little bit futher, over the edge even—they've got the real rock 'n' roll spirit.

BUT, isn't violence on the dance floor—frightening though it is to witness—just as much a part of rock and roll as the violence that's in the music? It's unfortunate for Paul Gearside, but I think the answer must be—Yes.

That's not to say there aren't some qualifications though 'I've always said, for example, that violence, grievous bodily harm committed in the name of rock and roll, is not the work of the fans of the music but of those who for some reason have something against it. The trouble at the Funhouse started when the Angel expressed his opinion that the song was a load of fucking shit. The singer replied that if any cunt didn't like it he could fuck off—a legitimate and wholly natural expression of rock and roll opinion, and one heard countless times before. But this Angel, for a reason known only to himself took it a step further and *forced* his opinion on not only the singer but the audience as well.

The point is though that this sort of thing has been going on for years and however distasteful it is, it'll probably always be there. Now, given the nature of rock and roll and the violence which is its essence, (albeit understated/suggested violence) then surely the outbreak of so-called punk violence, of Ted bashing, of seat smashing, of gobbing, must be looked at as a sign of health, of a rejuvenation of a spent and exploited spirit that has precedents throughout the lifespan of rock. If we grant this (and there's plenty that won't—these days we call them Boring Old Farts) then the question is just how far can the aggro go—and remember it *does* have its counterparts outside rock and roll—before it becomes *anti*-rock and roll, a sign of inner bankruptcy, a positively *destructive* force? I'm not exactly sure, but I do know that I've had beer glasses and lighted cigarettes thrown at me while watching the Sex Pistols at the 100 Club in London and that those responsible *weren't* true Pistols' fans—they were aggro-merchants who probably would have done the same at a David Essex concert. And I do know that its been the media overkill that has been responsible for much of the hysterical response to the New Wave. And that given the ten years difference in time, I don't think that a fan having his ear-lobe bitten off at a Clash gig nowadays in England is any worse than the Stones pissing against a garage wall back in 1967—and just look how pointless and vindictive the continued harassment of the Stones by the media and self-styled protectors of decency seems in retrospect. A lot has happened all over the world in the last twenty years and to blame rock and roll for any apparent worsening of moral standards is as patently ludicrous as blaming the state of the economy on dole bludgers. Which all goes to say that things aren't as bad as they're made out to be. In fact, there could well be a case for saying there's nothing unhealthy about the state of rock and roll at all in 1977.

Just to illustrate all this, take a look at the Michael Willesee teev show recent piece of claptrap "Punk Rock—a rather nasty case of noise". It's just another pathetially under-researched piece of moral outrage that relies on the age-old standby of every hack writer ever given an assignment by Rupert Murdoch or Perry White—it ridicules what the commentators have made no attempt to even begin to understand. There was no connection made between the state of rock and roll and the state of society, and particularly the young person's position in that society. It doesn't need a genius to see that there obviously *is* a link there—you've only had to live through the '60's to know it. Which brings me right back to the renewed violence of the late '70's. Whether you agree with the New Wave or not, what's happening in rock now is at least an attempt to *create* something with meaning for the ordinary punter, to bring rock back to the streets, to the very people who give it meaning. And just as the Mods and the Rockers grew up with, and were part of, the events of the sixties, we've got the New Wave today. It must have implications beyond rock and roll and it must in turn be shaped by forces outside itself. In a world of Popular Culture, for the young person, music is culture and culture is music. Violence at Altamont or Notting Hill, or at your local football match for that matter, is just as much a part of the total experience of living in 1969 or 1977 as was Patrick White winning the Nobel prize or Roman Polanski screwing a thirteen year old. In the mass imagination it's Muhammad Ali, Jack Nicholson, Ronald Biggs, John Cleese, Idi Amin, Keith Richard and Johnny Rotten who sum up their hopes and fears, and it's people like these who *seem* to leave a truly lasting effect on the young. It's as if the world needs a fresh injection of evil, someone to hate, to get the adrenalin going and to stop itself stagnating.

But there's one thing wrong with all this. If it happens to be you who loses an eye, it's no comfort to be told that you've at least made your mark on the collective consciousness of an entire generation. Still tough, when it comes down to it, it must be better to lose an eye at a Pistols' gig than to lose out to a runaway bus or a drunken maniac behind a wheel. *(What's it going to mean in ten years that you gave an eye for Johnny Rotten? You're still half-blind—ed)*

Violence is part of rock and roll and rock and roll is a fact of life. You don't often have one without the other. (But you should remember that there are checks as well as encouragements to violence in this world—throw enough bottles and you find they start coming back at you), I guess if I see enough incidents like that at the Funhouse, they'll eventually have no effect on me at all. It sure as hell would've taught me to stay out of the way though.

THROUGH A FOLLICLE MADLY

Anthony O'Grady examines his favourite Split Enz fantasy and finds it's really. . . well, read on. If you dare.

It had been a week when mermaids floated through the office and sea shells crunched underfoot on the carpet. Sea gulls wheeled in flight around the lightglobes. Travel brochures flapped open and spread palm-fringed sunsets across the walls. A Venus Fly trap delicately waved follicles in the trade winds. I was about to go over and pat it. Nice Venus Flytrap, here nice Venus Flytrap. . . but suddenly it drew back looked startled, the strands slicked themselves back and became the top of Tim Finn's head.

Pleased to meet you again I said.

"Very nice to be here", he replied.

There was a short pause while the coconut trees receded into the distance. To cover my confusion I made tea.

"Ah. . . a nice pot of tea," said Jane Austin approvingly. "There's something so *English* about a good cup of tea. . . even if you do boil the pot in the colonies," she added in a tone that said it *wasn't* all right really.

"But I do like Split Enz," she said precisely "_ _ _ *oh dear*, I really wish you had added the milk first and not just sloshed the tea into mugs. Prescribed etiquette may not be necessary, but it does have an important bearing upon class status," she observed primly.

I always *hated* your books, you dreary, old-mannered relic I said.

"What I have always *liked* about Split Enz," she said coldly, "is their essential Englishness. It's the kind of Englishness that is polished to perfection," she added, "simply because the colonies are so far away from the real thing.

"No thank you, I don't believe I can stay for a cuppa," she said and vanished.

"Mind you," came her parting shot. "I've always thought New Zealanders *far* more genteel and couth than Australians. It's such a pity England is so. . . working class these days."

I tore open a carton of milk and plunked it on the tea tray with the tea mugs and tried to place the thing in perspective.

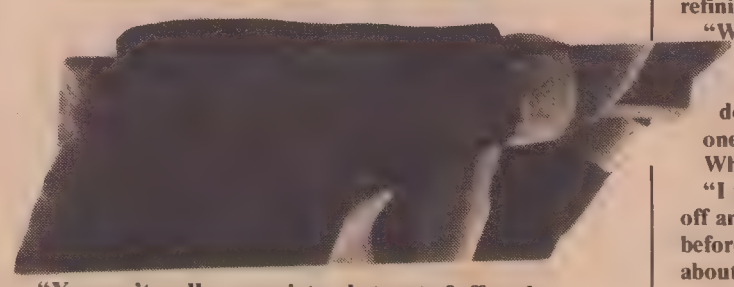
Number one: I was definitely seeing things.

Number two: I was hearing things too. And they made better sense than what I was seeing.

Englishness has always seemed part of the very essence of Enz. They might cringe and protest when uncouth Ozzies compare them to 10cc, Genesis, the Kinks. . . but that was just our rude colonial way of getting the cultural perspective right. Enz music is eccentric in a grand English style. Their musical landscape is filled with pirouetting marionettes dancing between the borders of nightmare and rollicking fantasy. Some say they are court jesters. Some said they are fractured Noddy and Big Ears dolls from a forgotten children's nursery. Some say they are innocents dressed as weirdly as the world really is. But no-one has ever said they weren't *English*, in essence. Even if they had to cultivate their roots in colonial soil.

"The thing about England at the moment," says Tim Finn sipping his tea and not even blanching at having to *add* the milk i. to the brown brew, "it's just as hard to see where we fit in there, as it is in Australia. We got the same thing about being like Genesis and 10cc at first, even though we're not. But now England has gone right over to punk rock, and we don't fit in there either."

Ah, the revolting working class I murmer.



"You can't really appreciate what sort of effect the Sex Pistols are having till you're over there," says Tim.

"The night they were on Top Of The Pops, everyone. . . just *everyone*. . . was watching. The tv room at the Air studios where we were working was filled with more people than it ever had been while we'd been there.

"The Saints were on the same programme," he adds. "They appeared more menacing and grown up than the Sex Pistols actually. The Pistols look very young and they're all good looking. The Saints just stood there and looked big and ugly. But they came over quite well too."

A further demonstration of the Power of Punk comes later when Finn confesses; "To rehearse the numbers for the new album, we played a gig at the Nashville Room in London. We invited all the press but the only writer who turned up just walked in off the streets.

"On the other hand, if it had been Gore Vital and the Self Immolators, every scribbler and his bic would have been there, more than likely.

"As it turned out the writer off the streets spent most his review complaining an Enz fan had *touched him up*." Ungrateful sod!

Ah, but though they may be caught between the punk revolution on one hand and a reluctance to be classified as a Genesis/10cc Art Rock band on the other, Enz *do* have their fans in England. Called Frenz of Enz they dress in painted faces, coloured eyelids, and raggedy clothes and dance like clockwork dolls. No holding back and just gawking at the concerts like Enz fans do in Australia, the English fans know kindred eccentrics when they see them and dress accordingly. Ah yes. . . Englishness indeed.

The question is, are the English *English* enough for Enz? Tim Finn does not Welsh his answer. As he told RAM scribbler-in-England Ross Stapleton a mere issue or so ago (RAM No 66), if *Dizrythmia*, their latest black frisbee doesn't catch chart winds, there'll be one last chance with another album.

George Washington strolled through the door, cocked his hat and said "I always like a boy who tells the truth, it takes me back to my own youth."

"I'm pretty sure we told you the first time we met," says Tim Finn. "Yes, I'm sure I told you. . . " he nods his certainty, "Split Enz was never taken by the people inside the band as an art for art's sake band. We want to be a popular band. We *need* to be a popular band simply to be able to afford the sort of staging and effects we want. All the changes within the band have resulted in a stronger direction. . . it's been a fairly constant refining process.

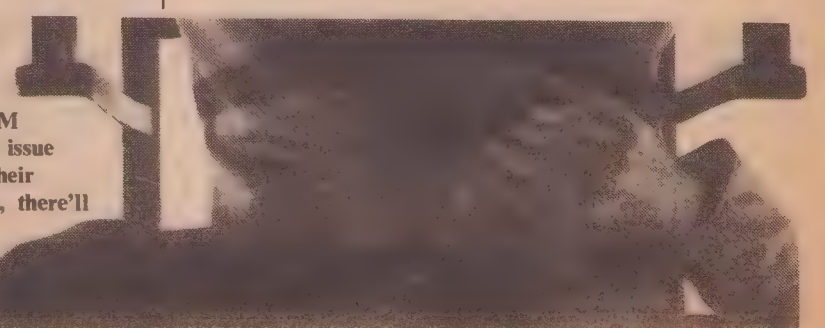
"We haven't reached wide scale appeal in England, or in Australia for that matter, although we are a popular concert band in Australia. And if the *Dizrythmia* album doesn't do well, we would have another go. And if that one didn't go, it would seem a bit pointless to carry on."

What would *you* do?

"I think I'd form another sort of band. But it's all so far off and there are so many ifs and buts to go through before that stage is reached it's not really worth talking about it.

"At the moment there's a very good spirit within the band. Everyone is working well together and we're happy and confident. So it's premature even looking at the dark side."

A vision of Phil Judd appears, looks morose then walks out of the room. One thing you can say for Phil Judd—he *never* looked happy. In fact he just about defined everyone's idea of the Morose Man In The Background. He left Split Enz just after their first tour of America. Seemingly it was a major loss because he



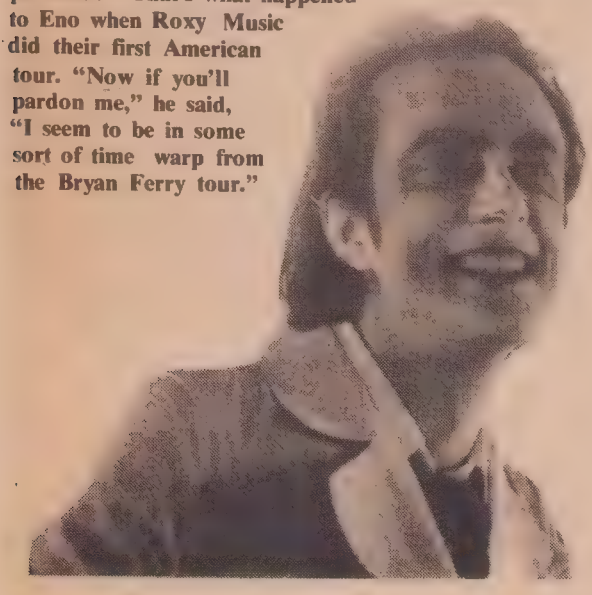
wrote the majority of songs and was also a dab hand at visuals; eg he did the cover art for Split [illegible] album *Mental Notes*. Judd now lives in an English countryside house with his wife and family. His career is now writing songs. Commercial tunes, tunes for other artists, songs on spec., songs for a sometime solo album.

"We all have great belief in Phil as a songwriter," says Finn. "Hopefully we'll be using some of his songs in the future. In the meantime he's settling down to work. It'll be hard for him at first, everyone realises this. Because his songs are so personal it's a real wrench for him to just hand them over without any say about who sings them or how they turn out. But I do believe he'll be very successful."

Phil Manzanera strolls into the room and sits down.

Being an Aquarian he chooses the blue chair.

"America," says Phil M, "is *the* test for bands. Any conflicts within the band, any weaknesses, any tension is magnified to unbearable levels. Only in America do you see the rewards possible for being a successful band and they are so enormous they have an inevitable effect. The sheer amount of grim toil a band has to go through to get near them also has a very telling effect. It weeds out people who are there simply because they like making music! The pressures are *that* intense and personal. " That's what happened to Eno when Roxy Music did their first American tour. "Now if you'll pardon me," he said, "I seem to be in some sort of time warp from the Bryan Ferry tour."



I turned to Tim Finn; "Phil Manzanera was saying. . . ," I started. . . "Yes I know," says Finn, "he told us all that before we left for America. He said he could see the same thing happening to Phil Judd as happened to Eno. But in the end, really it was Phil Judd's health that was the main factor. That's the first thing he's getting back together in his cottage in the country, his health."

Uh ho! When people start talking about ill health in the rock bizz, the first thing you think of is. . .

Pale spectors of Janis Joplin and Tommy Bolin floated through the walls.

"You think of what?" asks Tim Finn.

Drug overdoses.

"Well," says Finn laughing cheerily, "Phil would probably laugh that people could think that. It sounds a lot more dramatic than just being sick. He does drink a lot though."

Phil Judd of course wasn't the only Enz who split while the band were on foreign shores. Long term bass player Johnathan Chunn also handed in his hot comb and greasepaint.

"With Jonathan" says Finn, "it was more a normal parting of the ways. He really wanted to tour America. . . once. After that ambition was fulfilled, he wanted to go gome to New Zealand, back to his wife and child. He's very happy in New Zealand, doing production work. . . keeping busy."

Strewth. . . for a rock 'n' roll band, this lot seem to have more wives than an Arabian oil sheik.

Anyway, considering it ended up costing Enz two members, was the U.S. trip worth it?

"Well yes," says Finn. "It was a very strange thing for us. We did get some very good reactions, and we do plan to go back. But we are going to concentrate on England first. If we build up strongly in England, that will make us seem less strange to Americans. Without English success behind us, we could go round and round forever and eventually drop from exhaustion. It was quite funny really, reading some of the American reviews. They seemed to accept us at face value but couldn't make any sense out of it.

"We did do a few shows for the collective press over there and we've noticed reviews of those are just starting to surface months later.

"All it means is, there is no quick way of getting through to America," says Finn.

The walls form into canvas flaps. A mustachioed ring master walks briskly through, cracks a whip and screams: "LADEEES UND GENTLEMUN _ _ _ PRESENTING FOR YOUR PLEASSSSURE_ _ _ THE MOST AMAZING SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE CENTURY_ _ _ "

Now it may have something to do with the environment I work in. . . or maybe it's just something in the water after all.

. . but I have never considered Split Enz *weird*.

So they wear make up and dress as medieval clowns one week and futuristic space travellers the next. And disport themselves like reflections in a cracked mirror on stage.

But, once you've seen 20,000 young and not so young Americans rise as one to give Black Sabbath a *STANDING OVATION* for Ossie Osbourne's first *PEACE SIGN* of the night, *nothing* can ever amaze you again.

So what did Enz tell these weirdos across the big ocean when they asked, what's with the crazy make up and clothes kidz?

"We took the sensible approach" confesses Finn, "we told people who asked, and most of them did, that it developed over a period of years, that the music is dramatic with lots of changes, so we dress and act accordingly. Most of the dress ideas come from Noel Crombie and we've always found they suit the songs and we've never really questioned it."

In keeping with their new *Dizrythmia* music which doesn't feature as many jerky changes, Split Enz now wear modified stage make up. They're not as garish as they used to be dear.

As for the *other* great question people ask bands who have even the vaguest connections with Art Rock—Is there an *Underlying Theme?* (What's the concept man?)

"Gee," says Tim, "I could never really answer that, and it got asked a lot too. I guess sometimes we've been vaguely medieval clownish. But other times we've been totally 20th century and sometimes quite futuristic. I guess we're sort of 20th century clowns who can draw from all periods—history, the present and the future. But really we are a *rock* band before all else. That's what it really gets down to."

As he says this I'm feeling quite futuristic myself. I see myself two weeks into the future getting a copy of *Dizrythmia*, playing it, and being impressed.

The new album, I begin, it's definitely a change from what's been before.

"Oh yes" says Tim, "I noticed that too. . . "

Not so jerky. . . more straightforward and fluid.

"Yes," says Tim.

And a lot of the songs are about real downers.

"Well yes" agrees Tim "most of them were written after the line up changes which had a bit of a depressing effect at the time. Like *Crosswords* is about what was happening between Phil (Judd) and myself. . . we'd been friends for so many years and it developed into a love/hate thing. And *Charlie* is about a guy who kills his wife. . . and is starting to realise the dead person is someone who'd been very close to him for a long time.

"But," he adds cheerfully, "the album *is* more positive than the others in some areas."

Well yes, the music itself and the vocal delivery are more positive than what the songs are about.

"Glad you saw that," says Tim, "particularly in the vocal department. On this album I sang a lot more straightforwardly because the songs are more recent. On the other albums I'd been singing the songs for so long, the delivery got mannered after a while."

And you've got a groupie song on the album.

"A *what*?" asks Tim Finn—the man who'd claimed in interview (*see RAM No 66 again*) that Split Enz had *no* sex appeal.

A groupie song, I repeat.

"Oh, *Parrot Fashion Love*," says Tim, "That's about the mechanics of modern day loving—a parrot *speaks*, even though it doesn't know *what* it's saying, and people make love the same way, just because . . it's there."

Like Mount Everest perhaps?

Split Enz will be playing the *Dizrythmia* album live in concert around Australia. Replacing Phil Judd is Tim's younger brother Neil Finn (*"he used to play acoustic guitar in New Zealand," explains Tim. "Then he came over and picked up electric. He's not the world's best guitar player but he's quite remarkable for someone who's only been playing for three months. " That's brotherly affection for you. Moreover he's right. Listening to the album I find it hard to believe the kid's only been playing seriously a mere three months).* Newcomer on bass, replacing Jonathan Chunn, is Englishman Nigel Griggs.

How do Enz audition new palyers? With their sort of music they can't ask people to come in for a 12-bar jam?

"It's very difficult," sighs Tim. "That's one reason why Neil joined us, at least he was familiar with what went down in the band. Usually we have to give the applicants a tape and ask them to learn a part. Then they come back and they rehearse it with the band. It's all very time consuming and depressing, because *no one* fits in right away. But I think each time we have had a new member, the change has helped strengthen the line-up."

On with the new off with the old. The only old songs Enz will do in concert this time around are the Noel Crombie spoons numbers *The Woman Who Loves You, Another Great Divide, True Colours* and *Maybe*.

"We went out in England and did all new material except for *The Woman Who Loves You*," says Tim helpfully, "and it went down very well."

Jane Austin stepped out from behind a palm tree. "A true Englishman will always do his best and all other true Englishmen will applaud enthusiastically," she said. "I expect the colonies to do the same."

Jane I said, I think I need a holiday.

"What's that?" asked Tim

Oh nothing I said.

(Several days after this missive was completed, the author was found wandering a deserted beach in Fiji muttering to himself. Or maybe it was just the wind bustling through the palm trees. Readers can draw their own conclusions, but the publishers advise that as of yet, a psychiatrist has not been called in).

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WHAT'S THE MODERN ANSWER TO TOTEM POLES, MORE FUN THAN THE ATOMIC BOMB, BIGGER THAN A FIVE CENT PIECE AND SMALLER THAN CHINA, CURES WARTS AND PREDICTS THE FUTURE!?

NO FOLKS, IT'S NOT MOLLY MELDRUM, IT'S SCIENCE FICTION!

First lesson explained by ED NAHA, American author of a book called ***Horror—From Screen To Scream****, and producer of a record,* ***Gene Roddenberry: Inside Star Trek****, a CBS import, for all the Star Trek freaks. There's so many of them in America they have their own conventions, attended by thousands of Trekkies (as they're called), magazines, books, newsletters, local chapters, lots of records made specifically for them and so on. The Trekkies' ranks include some very surprising people—a multitude of scientists, doctors, lawyers and other professional obsessives.*

OK, so all you non-Sci-Fi people scorn the Trekkies, dismiss the inimitable Marvel Comics as trash and prefer watching the ***Don Lane Show*** *to* ***Godzilla And The Giant Claw Eat Tokyo Again****. All that stuff's science fiction, isn't it—silly stuff. Who wants to know about dumb crap like that, it's all made up anyway ain't it? Well cop this. Science Fiction is already affecting American culture more and more all the time, and as anybody over three can tell you, what happens there will either happen here very soon, or is already* ***under way. The blockbuster Sci-fi movie Star Wars*** *and its instantaneous phenomenal success is just the tip off the iceberg. Ed Naha offers you a chance to wise up to what you're missing and learn to love science fiction. But we warn you, it's addictive—just ask Hawkwind.*

My idea of GOOD science fiction is:

a) Flash Gordon being attacked by a giant hot comb while Dale is carried off by a group of stuntmen wearing feathers and beaks

b) A well-worn copy of the Spiro Agnew novel

c) A Japanese movie on the late show with Tokyo being destroyed by giant radioactive cheese dip, named *Chedra*.

d) A prehistoric vacuum cleaner salesman attacking an all-surfer high school.

e) World peace.

If you bothered to consider ANY of the above, you know about as much about science fiction as most people do about the night life of a gnat. Contrary to popular belief, modern science fiction is NOT the stomping ground of frizzy haired mad scientists with their fingers poised on the doomsday button or little green men who show up in the tulip garden after a bachelor party on Pluto.

Science fiction IS a type of literature and celluloid, that turns its attention to a world of scientific speculation, to realities of what MAY be and not what already IS. As noted author Ray Bradbury once described it, it's the last frontier of a modern philosopher. Phew!

And, while everybody's been busying themselves with the latest Peter Benchley novel and looking forward to *Jaws II* **and** *Return Of The Son Of The Sister Of The Exorcist In The Valley Of Kong*, **science fiction has been carrying on a revolution of sorts; a revolution to gain respectability in the "real" world. From the looks of it, the fight is going well. Science fiction courses are being taught in hundreds of colleges and high schools across America. Book publishers are having a field day for, while general fiction sales are down, SF sales are soaring in both hard and soft cover. American, motion picture studios are once again sinking big bucks into "speculative fiction" epics** *(Logan's Run, Food Of The Gods, Star Wars, Close Encounters Of The Third Kind, The Man Who Fell To Earth, Futureworld* **and the upcoming** *Star Trek* **film) and respected publications (***Newsweek*, **for instance), are suddenly becoming aware of the far out genre.**

If, at this point, YOUR involvement with SF has been limited to watching *I Married A Monster From Outer Space* **on a Saturday morning or having vile dreams about** *Wonder Woman*, **this article is for you! It's a thumbnail sketch of the lighter than air world of science fiction with enough information to allow you to fend for yourself with the next Hawkwind record, Star Trek obsessive or conversation with one of the Alligator People.**

You'd better take notes, too. Who knows? The way the science fiction boom is spreading, within a few months it may be right up there with TM, Maharaji and hang gliding into the sides of cliffs.

THE SCIENCE FICTION FAMILY TREE

Unlike many Jacqueline Susann novels, science fiction can trace its history back a couple of thousand years to honest-to-god respectable literature. Greek mythology teemed with wired-out alchemists who had the power to turn men into animals, bring life to inanimate objects and perform other nifty party tricks. Throughout history, many highly regarded chaps, philosophers and writers alike have told tales of speculative fiction (in some cases, their literary skills earned them the revered title of "moron", but modern man knows better, right?). As far back as 165 AD, philosopher Lucien (in his *Incaromeniuppus*) **wrote of a trip to the moon. And this was before Pink Floyd.**

Astronomer Johannes Kepler's *Somnium* **(1634) moontripped as did Bishop Godwin's** *Man In The Moone* **(1698) and de Bergerac's** *Voyage To The Moon And The Sun* **(1657). Aside from planet hopping, many philosopher's sci-fi concepts concerned more perfect societies of the near future. Thomas More's** *Utopia* **(1516), Francis Bacon's** *New Atlantis* **(1627) and Mercier's** *Memoir Of The Year Two Thousand Five Hundred* **(1771) described the shape of things to come. It is interesting to note that not one of the abovementioned had ever heard of** *Flash Gordon* **or knew they were writing that "science fiction kid stuff." In their time, it was referred to simply as "art."**

As literature developed, so did the embryonic SF, with a legion of highly respected authors dabbling within its boundaries; among them Jonathan Swift *(Gulliver's Travels)*, **Mary Shelley** *(Frankenstein)*, **Herman Melville** *(The Bell Tower)*, **Edward Everett Hale** *(Brick Moon)*, **Nathaniel Hawthorne** *(Rappacini's Daughter)*, **Poe** *(Hans Pfaall)* **and Robert Louis Stevenson** *(Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde)*. **All saw the chance at masking sometimes harsh editorializing with fantasy trappings and made the most of it. Most English teachers, alas, try their damndest to avoid mentioning the abovementioned works while concentrating on the more overbloated creations like** *Moby Dick, The Man Without A Country* **and** *Jane Eyre*. **I mean, REALLY.**

Science fiction "Proper" was spawned by either of two authors (depending upon which side of the binding you wake up on): Jules Verne or H.G. Wells. Verne, the son of a wealthy Parisian lawyer, was a product of the industrial revolution in Europe and saw gadgetry as a simply wondrous companion to man, years before Telecom decided to make you pay for the same idea. Foretelling the invention of the submarine, electricity, dirigibles and cars in such novels as *From The Earth To The Moon, Mysterious Island, 20,000 Leagues Under The Sea, Robeur The Conquerer* **and** *Master Of The World*, **Verne commanded quite a following among the scientific-minded armchair adventurers and still provides thrills for the millions of pre-pubescent pursuers of imagination today.**

Wells, on the other hand, sends chills up and down the spines of futuristic philosophers everywhere. The son of a fairly poverty-stricken British gardener, he was an avid student of Darwin, sociology and history. His mixed background made for action-packed exemplums and his best work includes *The Time Machine, When The Sleeper Wakes, The War Of The Worlds, Food Of The Gods* **and** *The Shape Of Things To Come*.

During Wells' lifetime, SF started to mushroom. The father of modern science fiction was a delightful gent named Hugo Gernsback. A fervent dabbler in electronics, he founded the first science fiction magazine in 1926, *Amazing Stories*, **in an effort to popularize technology through fiction. A host of competing magazines followed, but it was Gernsback who set the standards. And his standards were high with names like Ray Cummings, E.E. Smith, David Keller, John W. Campbell, Hal Vincent and Jack Williamson flourishing under his reign.**

The 30's saw the start of such giants as Murray Leinster, Henry Kuttner, C.L. Moore, Robert Heinlein, Theodore Sturgeon, A.E. Van Vogt, Frederick Pohl, Asimov, Simac, Del Ray, Blish, Bradbury and Clement. Most of these famous folks got their start via John W. Campbell whose rule at the magazine *Astounding* **from 1938-50 brought the movement into full flower.**

Although science fiction became more popular than ever during the 30's and 40's (both in pulp and film), the 50's saw a slackening off. SF, it seemed, was TOO thought-provoking for a nation of REAL Fonzies occupied with a very real cold war and a Commie witch hunt. Television, too, took its toll, drawing avid readers away into the boob tube placebo. Why worry about atomic war when Lucy could bake bread and Desi sweated in Spanish? Film-wise, the high intensity of SF on the screen during the decade's outset *(War Of The Worlds, The Day The Earth Stood Still)* **collapsed under the weight of the schlock aimed at drawing the teen armies away from the tube and into the drive-in** *(Teenage Cavemen, Teenagers From Outer Space, I Was A Teenage Frankenstein)*.

Happily enough, the ambitious zeitgeist of the 60's coupled with the development of a more irreverent, socially aware type of sci-fi (termed the "New Wave") brought SF back into the swim of things, where it still remains today. Films like *2001, The Time Machine, Planet Of The Apes, Westworld* **and** *The Andromeda Strain* **had 'em lining up at the box office, while authors like J.G. Ballard, Brian Aldiss, John Brunner, Norman Spinrad, Tom Disch and Harlan Ellison had their eyeballs glued to the pages at home. Frank Herbert's** *Dune* **became a counter-culture classic as did Heinlein's** *Stranger In A Strange Land* **and Tolkien's** *Lord Of The Rings*.

And that's where speculative fiction hovers today. So, while the politicians in Canberra make with the slapstick, food prices go up and this week's urgent cause blows up a bank, why not pick up a book by Asimov, turn on a re-run of *Star Trek*, **place the import soundtrack from** *Logan's Run* **on the stereo, relax and see the way the world OUGHT to look like.**

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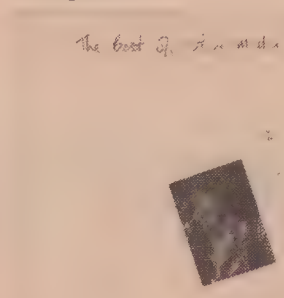
Vinylising

STEVE MILLER
THE BEST OF STEVE MILLER
1968-1973
(Capitol)



This album looks like a shrewd marketing move by Capitol, who've lost Steve Miller to Phonogram and are obviously hoping to catch more sales by providing a neat *Best Of* package for all those thousands of new Miller fans who've just discovered the man after eight years and eight albums. Great idea, but I get the feeling it's not been done out of any admiration for the guy or thanks to the public for their financial support.

The backliner notes are an absolute bullshit *He's So Great* handout run up by the Capitol publicity department ("the Space Cowboy should have been Flying Like An Eagle long ago"), and there's no listing of just what album each track comes from. It's been put together by EMI (with permission from kissin' cousin company Capitol) in London and the best thing about the set is Pete Frame's superb Family Tree of the band that somebody at EMI obviously remembered seeing in an old copy of British rock magazine *Zig Zag* a long time ago.

The music here confirms what the two most recent hit albums suggested—that Miller is really into Pop and at best is only an MOR rocker. He's going for that AM-rock sound—not too adventurous, keep the guitar down and mix like the airwaves for the past half decade as a result—no balls. Not like Nils Lofgren say, who manages to combine a rock feel with the subtlety and insight of a good pop song.

Livin' In The USA (1968) does move along nicely and stands head and shoulders above most of the other tracks, but even it harks dangerously back to Miller's limp West Coast background—"Yellow, brown, red, white, we've got to get away. . . We're livin' in a plastic land". And there's some real dross, flaccid stuff like *I Love You*, from 1970—"I want you, I love you cos I need you".

The Joker still sounds great though, and shows that his best material does date from that album on, even though the *Sailor* album (1968) has lasted remarkably well and still makes interesting listening today.

But look, this guy is old, he's fat, and he used to sing these tasteless songs about love and Going to the Country. So what's he doing at the top of the charts in 1977? Something's gone wrong somewhere.

MATT DICKSON

WIDOWMAKER
TOO LATE TO CRY.
(Festival)

With this album the British mould of heavy metal rifferama slams up against the Tower of London and keeps on ploughing without much progression.

Stuck in the vein of Mott The Hoople, Free and Bad Company, Widowmaker, with their second album, prove that they are simply another derivative blues boogie band.

Over the past twelve months or so they have scored some great live reviews, but Widowmaker fail to transmit the reported energy onto vinyl.

Instead of a raging performance, all that emerges is a limited parody of the archetypal British boogie *chug-a-chug-thummmp*. Sure, Widowmaker are slightly different in their approach and direction, but hardly unique.

The title track thumps along and immediately adds fuel to the Bad Co. comparisons, but *The Hustler* seems to drop into some twisted heavy reggae.

What A Way To Fall returns to the initial mould; Chris Kimsey's production gives it that archetypal fat rounded sound.

Here Comes The Queen is one of those familiar ballads that seem to pop up on these albums, whereas *Mean What You Say* balances its pomposity with haunting guitars courtesy of Ariel Bender and Huw Lloyd-Langton.

Vocalist John Butler has that familiar a-la-Paul Rodgers voice and takes advantage of its considerable range, especially during *Sign The Papers* and *Sky Blues*.

Guitarist Ariel Bender takes over lead vocal for *Pushin' And Pullin'* and is absolutely awful. The backing is a bit fresher, but it's ruined by banal lyrics and rank vocals.

Sky Blues forgives, though I can't forget. Expatriate Australian Bob Daisley provides some truly booming bass and Butler, the latest addition to the group having joined just before Widowmaker entered the Olympic Studios, comes in with some nice blues harmonica. He really shines on this album, contributing the keyboards atmosphere to *Sign The Papers* and fine harmonica on the last track.

Since the release of *Too Late To Cry*, Widowmaker's ranks have been severely depleted by the departure of Bob Daisley who has joined Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow.

With this album, Widowmaker are working to a finely balanced meatball formula that's been tried and proven.

Yeah, it's been done before but it's worth one more spin—I guess.

ANDREW McMILLAN.

OL'55
FIVESLIVEJIVE
(Mushroom)

Fiveslivejive is a recording of Frankie J. Holden's last performance with that bunch of comical greaser, Ol'55. Live albums have always been a pet hate of mine, basically cos the majority of them are so bloody weak. About the only recent exception has been *Status Quo Live*, but I digress. The idea of sticking about twenty yahoo voices in a recording studio to complement a band sux. It's no substitute for five thousand screaming kids or even a drunken pub crowd. It's just so sterile.

Apart from that the album is a fine, watered down example of what Ol'55 were capable of when they still had Frankie J. and Wilbur Wilde. A great live band, they had their wabopbopabop harmonies and risque repartee down to brylcreem slickness. But if it's the dirty jokes you want then don't bother about this album 'cos Frankie was extremely polite on June 17, God bless him. Still, the censorship does detract from the memories of the band's bona fide filth-ridden live performances.

As one of the country's foremost rock historians, it is not surprising that the Fives' manager Glenn A. Baker chose to record Holden's last performance for posterity. And some of the material is good. Despite the limited number of original numbers, the renditions are fresh.

Jim Manzie's *Caught In The Curl* is great, capturing every surf guitar sound that I ever wanted to hear. It just howls, with an erratic wash of drums way behind.

Another Manzie composition, *The Wilde Man*, has a really sleazy feel that Frankie capitalises on. The James Bond/Dick Tracy/Batman intro keeps recurring like flashes from some Brando movie. It's dockside warehouse rock *(A new genre—wharfie rock?—ed.)* at its peak.

The Wilde Man is followed by a song that has astounded new wave fanatics overseas. *C'mon Let's Do It* was co-written by Baker and Manzie; it really thumps along with Rockpile Jones singing.

Actually, Rockpile exercises his larynx quite a bit on this album, singing lead on five of the fourteen tracks. *Do You Wanna*

Dance is full of his *oh bayyybee* inflections; he rages further along with *On The Prowl* and *Roll Over Beethoven.*

High School Confidential features some frenetic guitar work from Patrick Drummond and Rockpile does a great job on *Little Angel Eyes*, plummeting from one end of the vocal scale to the other.

The rest of the tracks are forgettable, except Wilbur Wilde's sole vocal contribution *Sue Never Ran Around Like This* which is unbelievably abysmal. Maybe it's supposed to be funny but the humour escapes me.

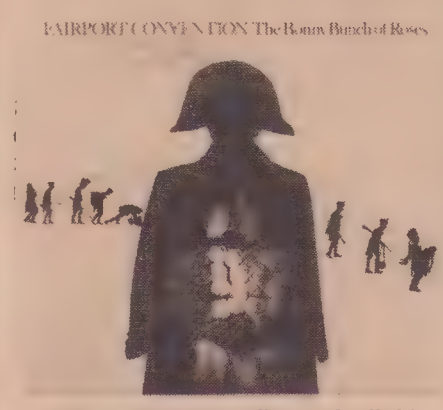
As per usual with this bunch, the patter is a bit of a joke. "You are reaaally my city!! Ya, ya Amazzing!" wails Wilbur and the audience goes bananas. Pavlov's rock fans. . .

Frankie does his usual "Thisismything-theringadingdingthe. . ." Yeah yeah Frankie. Icanrunmywordstogether like dandruff in brylcreem too.

The most rewarding comment on the album is the final one. No folks, it's not an obituary or a "Gee we're really sorry that you're leaving Frankie". No, it's a simple "Look, get out." But from the sound, it was probably put down with all the other overdubs at Trafalgar Studios during the ensuing weeks. Live? Well almost.

Andrew McMillan.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION
THE BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES
(Vertigo)



If Elvis had put out an album and called it *For Elvis Fans Only*, then Fairport could well have called this one *For Fairport Fans Only.*

They seem to be retreating further into the proverbial backwaters with every album, what with in-jokes like the quality of the vocals and the gall they have continuing to make albums like this. But if you're into the band and like the way they always seem to come up smiling you'll be happy enough with it.

I could be kind and assume the studio cramps their natural exuberance, but sadly the band don't extend themselves like they used to. Most of the tracks—including Richard Thompson's excellent *Poor Ditching Boy* and the epic-length (but fatuous) title piece—were given an airing at their recent gigs here so you'll know what to expect: an uneasy, unset jelly of traditional and rock arrangements to traditional material, with a sprinkling of pure pop-rock.

Can't see the point really, except that they seem to have a good time doing it, which is OK cos that's what its s'posed to be all abaht, innit, really. Yeah, like he said, a small but enthusiastic band.

MATT DICKSON

Vinylising

DAVE EDMUNDS GET IT (Swan Song)

Is Dave Edmunds the ghost of Chuck Berry? Is he the rightful heir to Phil Spector's vacated throne? Is he an unrecognised genius with the clearest definition of rock & roll of any musician alive? To all three: YES!

For more than ten years, Edmunds has opted to ignore every possible road which would have taken him to assured stardom. The man is compelling in appearance, able of pen, an unquestionable genius in the studio and yet he remains a minor cult figure, hardly able to sell enough records to pay his rent. . . why?

It is no exaggeration to state that Edmunds have *never* made one compromise in his musical career. He has recorded at his own pace, in his own studio, to his own demands, rejecting offer after offer of fame and fortune. Certainly he is a most extraordinary star of rock.

DAVE EDMUNDS

Chuck Berry is Edmunds' God, Domino, Presley, Dixon, Spector, Cruddup and (Hank) Williams are his Saints, Gershwin, Rogers & Hart, Khachatarian and Dylan are his Heroes, Nick Lowe is his friend. None of them he plunders, but from all he respectfully borrows.

The world first became aware of him amongst the ranks of 1968's *Love Sculpture*. A shy, skinny Welsh lad who played guitar so fast (listen to *Sabre Dance*) that he made Alvin Lee sound lethargic. In 1971 he re-emerged with a surprise international hit *I Hear You Knocking* and a subsequent minor hit with Berry's *Promised Land*, the latter having been recorded back in 1966 as part of the belatedly released *Rockpile* album.

Rockpile featured Edmunds on virtually everything but bass and was quite simply a *rock & roll album* with a self-production style somewhere between Sam Phillips and Phil Spector. Totally satisfying. *(Yay Glenn—A.B.)*

Come 1975 and Dave had taken up permanent residence in Wales' Rockfield Studios and begun producing and playing with all manner of acts, such as Brinsley Schwartz. His own Rockfield label is distributed by RCA and out comes *Subtle As A Flying Mallet*, another inspired collection of rock & roll, rockabilly and Phil Spector. By this time Dave was a little better known, having appeared in the film *Stardust* and supplied a goodly amount of its soundtrack under the guise of Dave Edmunds and the Electricians.

Suddenly Dave was in big demand, Led Zeppelin signed him to their Swan Song label, the legendary Flamin' Groovies had him produce their new album and his status grew at an alarming pace. But still he's taken two years to deliver his third album.

Get It redefines the tarnished name of rock & roll. It is a synthesis of everything that made such music great, no pretensions, no presumptions. Not since Chuck Berry at his peak, has one man gathered together so accurately all of rock's primary influences and moulded such honest music.

I Knew The Bride, written with cohort Nick Lowe, is more Berry than the man himself. Hank William's *Hey Good Looking* restates the importance of country music in rock's growth. *Get out of Denver* is an honourable version of a most honourable Bob Seger song. *Where Or When* is a whimsical rendition of a fine Broadway classic. Itemisation is pointless, the album is stunning in its entirety. It not only *sounds* good, it *feels* good, the way music should (but rarely does).

Don't pass it by no matter what your leanings may be. No amount of synthesisers, mellotrons, gizmos, brass sections and symphony orchestras can hope to replace the pure exhilaration of music that not only knows where it is going but also where it came from.

GLENN A. BAKER

LINDA RONSTADT. SIMPLE DREAMS (Elektra/Asylum) A RETROSPECTIVE (EMI)

Still in the production grip of Peter Asher, *Simple Dreams* is more of the same from La Ronstadt. Having found the mix of Buddy Holly, J.D. Souther, traditional and assorted contemporary composers so successful, why change? No reason, except that the lady's been repeating herself since *Heart Like A Wheel*. When that album came out, the country rock tender tremble wasn't so familiar; *look, hey, Linda Ronstadt's come out of her shell.*

But since then, she's been dating all the right luminaries, from Mick Jagger to the Governor of California, Jerry Brown, appeared spread across her rumpled bed in lacy undies, and generally made those big brown eyes, pouty lips and unhampered bosom decidedly more important than her voice. Linda Ronstadt is selling Linda Ronstadt's persona; music takes second place, now that the Stone Poneys *Different Drum* era puppy fat has disappeared into warbling safety.

Simple Dreams starts off with Buddy Holly's *It's So Easy;* when she did *That'll Be The Day*, her Holly-izing was something novel. Now it's just Linda Ronstadt doing yet another Holly song. Blah. Of course, we have to have a touch of something Spanish to go with the big brown eyes, so next up is Warren Zevon's *Carmelita*. Actually, it's a good song—Carmelita ain't no cántina butterfly, she's a sad waif on methadone and welfare, but never mind. Whack up the standard backing, with some of that drum phasing sound Bowie got on *Low* for good measure. (He must be thoroughly regretting that sound by now—every second artiste and artiste's dog has used it). *Carmelita* is still probably the album's most interesting track, simply because Zevon's lyrics are good enough to drag attention to themselves out of the quasi-Mariachi musical fluff.

What is presumably the title track, *Simple Man, Simple Dream*, is another J.D. Souther piece of forgettable West Coast waffle, Souther being a veteran of the Byrds/Poco school that has degenerated into the kind of Eagles stuff they play in elevators to keep the passengers calm. *I Never Will Marry* is side one's traditional song, you know, the one that goes *I never will marry, I'll be no man's wife, I vow to be single all the rest of my life.* (Some loss to mankind, huh?) It's as innocuous here as it always has been.

The second side opens with a dip into another oldie, only this one works. Ronstadt sings Roy Orbison's *Blue Bayou* inside an arrangement that actually stretches her voice, it shows she can evoke more than one mood when she tries. In fact, side two is better all round. Another of the witty Warren Zevon's songs, *Poor Poor Me*, even gets a good beat going. His lyrics are delightful, woman done wrong with a difference: *He was a credit to his gender, he put me through some changes oh, just like a whirling blender.*

Unfortunately Jagger/Richards *Tumbling Dice*, sung in the same Stones arrangement, sounds like The Rolling Mice, and you know how big mice balls are. A definite mistake, that one. The album closes with *Old Paint*—ride along, ride along, fall asleep in the saddle. Maybe that's the effect it's supposed to have.

Never mind, the cover art will satisfy all the Ronstadt pin-up fans, with its centre fold-out of the band sitting on boxes in what looks like a warehouse, Linda perched on a box of her own clad in what appears to be a black petticoat, little girl high heels and that permanent flower in her hair. The compleat Degenerate Californian Belle.

The *Retrospective* double record set doesn't seem to be in any particular order, and certainly not in historical order, which is rather annoying. It covers ground from the Stone Poney days, with *Different Drum, Silver Threads And Golden Needles*, and *Hobo*, '67 through '68, when Ronstadt's voice still had a certain appealing vulnerability in it. It goes through the early seventies with Paul Siebel's lovely *Louise*, Neil Young's *Birds*, and *I Fall To Pieces*. Most of this era and earlier tracks were produced by J.D. Souther, using The Eagles/Poco pool of musicians, so the sound is fairly consistent up until Andrew Gold stepped in as her Musical Director in '74 with *When Will I Be Loved*, and later, *You're No Good*, introducing songs from outside that West Coast clique with a touch of fresh ingenuity.

The compilation's twenty two tracks being thrown together as they are, it's hard to follow her musical progression unless you keep your eyes glued to the inside sleeves. There's a decidedly gushy rave included, written by somebody called Katherine Orloff, all about how these tracks are really only beginnings, regarded by Ronstadt herself with "chagrin" as being very basic compared to her current musical sophistication. But really, they don't sound all that different. Perhaps a little more lively than *Simple Dreams*. . . Whatever the disdain Ms Ronstadt may have for these tracks, if you're devotee of hers, the compilation is satisfactorily extensive, covering her seven years with Capitol before she switched to the Asylum label and struck it real big. Besides, you get to see her bare *shoulders* on the back cover.

ANNIE BURTON.

RY COODER'S CHICKEN SKIN REVUE SHOWTIME (Warner Brothers)

Showtime it is; this is a live album, and I mean *live* recording of one of Cooder's rare stage performances. None of this take it down to the bass and drums and do the rest in the studio stuff. *Showtime* is a record of a genuine, real live performance by Ry Cooder and his Chicken Skin Revue, that is, most of the people he used on his wildly eclectic (influences ranging from Hawaii to the Texas/Mexico border, via the Appalachian Mountains) *Chicken Skin Music* album. The King of Hawaiian Guitarists Gabby Pahanui stayed in Hawaii, where it was sunny, when the album was recorded at the Great American Music Hall in wintery San Fransisco in the middle of December last year. So you don't get to hear Gabby's masterful steel as it loosened the lachrymal glands on *Chicken Skin's* ultimate tears-in-the-beer track *Yellow Roses*. But you do get Flaco Jimenez' Tex-Mex piano accordian, an over-abundance of it if anything, (the accordian not being an instrument I find intrinsically lovable), Isaac Garcia's nippy, Mexican dance band drumming, and Big Red Ojeda's oddly rock solid bass, which meld with Cooder's acoustic and electric guitars like a highly coloured bouquet. Best of all Cooder's *Chicken Skin* mates are backing and occasional front singers *(Jesus On The Mainline)* Bobby King, Terry Evans and Eldridge King, purveyors of harmonies so rich and deep you can't see the bottom.

You also get the Cooder faves *Alimony, The Dark End Of The Street, How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live* and *Smack Dab In The Middle*. Side two starts with two Flaco Jiminez numbers; the first is a combination of two mostly accordian instrumentals, the second, *Volver, Volver*, an oily, tear-filled song sung in Spanish. Unless you adore *Chicken Skin Music*, you'll loathe both of them.

But the tracks featuring Cooder's magical slide guitar and the backing trio's extra live curlicues and amazing resonance, especially the slippery, gliding chorus of *Smack Dab In The Middle*, are treasures. Frank Villareal gives out with a hot, snaky sax on the same track, an extra attraction that's not on the studio version. *Alimony*, a notable Cooder specialty, is given a fast, rollicking treatment, and *Jesus On The Mainline* also has the right *oomph* for stage performance.

Once a Cooder fan, you're hopelessly addicted to the man's totally original style. *Showtime*, with its satisfyingly rough edges and singularly co-operative audience that claps and whoops in the right places, is right up your alleyway. For the uninitiated it may be a bit *too* eclectic for starters, and leave you wondering how on earth anyone can find Cooder and Co. anything but abrasive. For those unfortunates I suggest earlier studio albums, *Into The Purple Valley* or *Paradise And Lunch*, for easier entrees to the Ry Cooder menu.

ANNIE BURTON

The Dingoes

Five Times The Sun

If you found their album in a brown paper bag, you'd still know it was something special. Because The Dingoes make the kind of rock it's best to discover for yourself. It's not who they are but what they do
The Dingoes, "Five Times The Sun"

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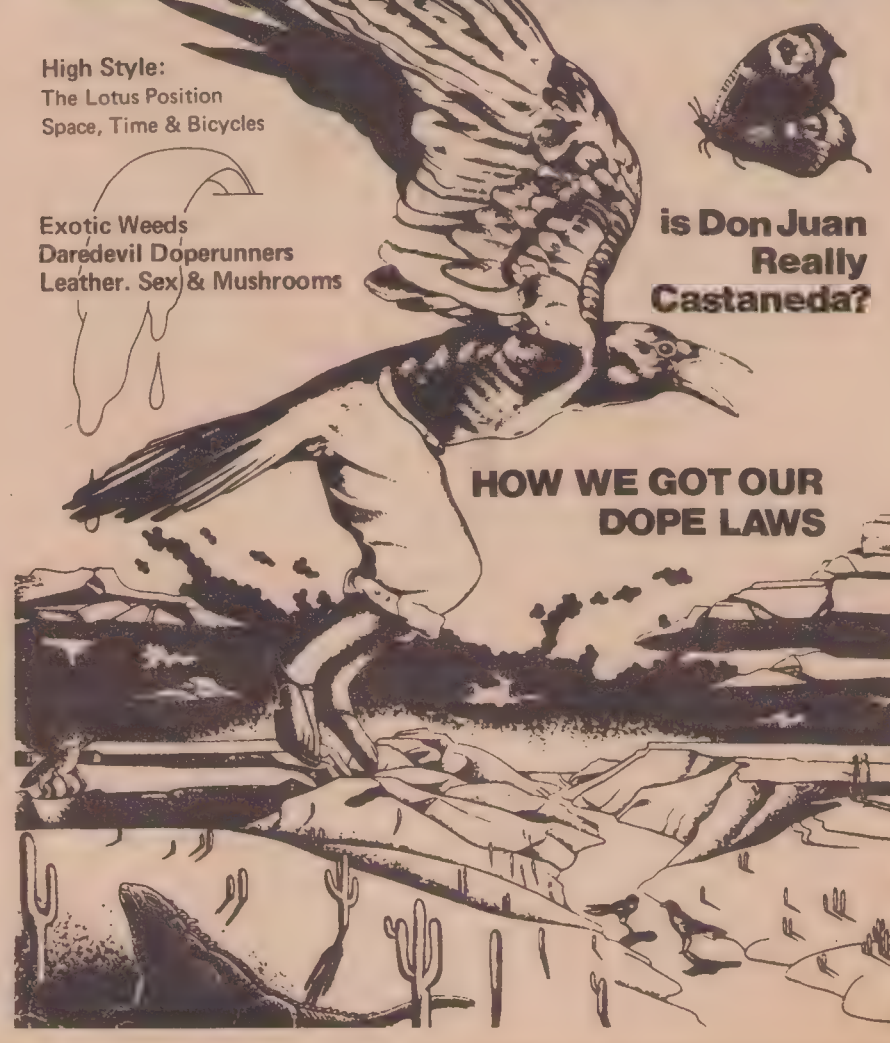

High Style:
The Lotus Position
Space, Time & Bicycles

Exotic Weeds
Daredevil Doperunners
Leather. Sex & Mushrooms

is Don Juan Really Castaneda?

HOW WE GOT OUR DOPE LAWS

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FLASH

A NATIONAL T.V. SHOW IN THE MAKING.

Strange, how we tend to take the media for granted. For that matter it's strange how we tend to take just about everything for granted. But that's human nature I suppose. Far greater men than myself have concluded that man was never destined to gaze at a seville orange, only to weep for the the glory that was Spain.

Take any relatively popular T.V. show for example. No-one would go as far as saying that sweat and blood goes into the choreography of every minute on-camera gesticulation. BUT there is a vast amount of backstage preparation.

One Wednesday, this bemused journo wanders through the head office of *Flashez* with the death of Elvis Presley thick on his mind. As it turned out, he wasn't the only one. Half an hour earlier, it had been decided that today's programme was to be devoted to the memory of that great man.

Any hopes that I had of getting a representative "day-in-the-life-of. . ." article were scuttled. The place was alive with mild hysteria.

Two people were dispatched to find video clips of Presley. The executive producer (George Pugh) was attempting to phone Steve McLean in New York, but it was 9 P.M. over there and he wasn't having a great deal of success. Myself and two of the staff were frantically searching through a box of some ten thousand letters to find an elusive Elvis Presley request.

At one stage, Flashez was receiving more mail than anyone else within the A.B.C., but the time slot change from 4.30 to 5.30 created a change in the viewing structure, and with the older audience came less mail—particularly for the pop groups. Structural changes within the program itself have not really helped. Some time ago, somebody noticed that *Flashez* was becomming more pop oriented, and consequently the A.B.C. were supporting two shows of the same nature. It was suggested that *somebody* should change their format, and since *Countdown* had higher ratings and a larger allocation of money, Flashez were sent an abrupt telex stipulating that the pop content should be greatly reduced. In other words, they were not to compete with *Countdown*. Moods ranged from uncontrollable rage to disbelief. But with some clever programming, the show managed to maintain its popularity.

At present, *Flashez* has a daily viewing audience of three quarters of a million, and a total weekly viewing population of one and a half to two million. *Countdown* has a regular audience of two million.

Having found the desired Presley letter, I settled back with a notebook and tried to look as important as possible. There wasn't much to write really, but I wrote on principle. Words that found their way onto paper were—footage, tele-synch, deadline schedule, A.C.R. 25, and videolink. I made note of how these words were uttered with the utmost sincerity, and how these and other words were totally unintelligible to me. I discussed the relationship between ecclesiastic and Gregorian modal extemporization in the vain hope that somebody else might get confused—but since I was talking to myself, it was to no avail.

Mike Meade and Anne, (one of the producers) invited me to witness a vox pops filming at Killarney High School. Again, there had been last minute changes and the kids were now going to be asked about their reaction to Presley's death.

There were seven of us all told. A cameraman, soundman, two producers, Mike Meadeян assistant and myself. We journeyed out to the school in two A.B.C. station wagons, one of which was filled with equipment. The region was most definitely upper middle class in flavour, but the school seemed to represent the lower middle class.

On a far and distant grassy knoll stood a line of apprehensive school children, with an average age of about seventeen. The camera man set up his three legged camera holding device, and his assistant ran around with a light intensity measuring device—commonly called a "thing". The sound man set up his air vibration reproducer and brandished two enormous padded microphones that resembled Polaris submarines. We were ready to shoot.

"Take 1, ready, action roll."

Mike Meade squats on the grass facing the victim on the bench seat.

"Does the death of Elvis Presley have any relevance to you?"

To say that the lad was at ease would be putting it mildly—moreover—it would be a lie. He looked terrified. He sounded terrified.

"Arrrrrr no—I don't think so." he replied. I don't blame him for being so direct; fifteen or so of his mates were exploding with potential hysterics.

That's the tragedy of our education system, it sacrifices maturity of outlook for the inverse square of the quadratic co-sine logarithm. What's more, it does it with a catalytic crackle brought down to a cubed root.

We continued through a series of orthodox answers until the question was changed to the subject of trade unions—"Are they too powerful".

Quite frankly I was shocked. Out of eight selected high school students, in an area which purported a relatively high standard in all respects, the answers were abysmally predictable. Not one pragmatist, not one cynic. There was no eloquent flow of thought provoking perspicacity. Instead, there was the usual paranoic rhetoric about cancerous multi-nationals and communistic treachery.

We returned to base, and I, for one, was depressed. The film crew had become hardened to this sort of thing however, and they were quick to remind me that maybe the Killarney area wasn't conducive to deep thought.

I couldn't very well disagree with *that*.

Things had settled down back at the office. Some sort of format had been arranged for the new show, and quite a number of film clips had been secured. I accompanied Mike to the Gore Hill studios where I enjoyed a nice meal at a realistic price. *(Simon! Stop this at once!—ed.)*

Studio 24 is reminiscent of a broom closet with overhead flood lighting. The inclusion of three mobile cameras however, qualify it as a filming studio. The room would be no more than thirty five feet by twenty five feet. As nothing was happening yet, I ventured up to the videotape department where two high speed video cassette copying machines were located.

Next, a visit to the dressing room. The staff pranced about in a very theatrical way, and both Suzy and Mike Meade were discussing the details of the forthcoming Presley rememberance rave. Suzy knew EVERYTHING about Presley, and demonstrated that knowledge to everyone in sight. After copious amounts of cosmetic powder had been applied, we headed back to studio 24.

The show is recorded in full at precisely 4.30 P.M. every day. Before that however, certain segments are pre-recorded. The feedback section for instance, is recorded about 30 minutes before the final taping. In this case, a girl from Griffith had been selected and she was waiting at the other end of the line long before the cameras started filming.

"The next voice you hear will be Ray's." said the producer. "Make sure that you speak up."

All the video clips had been edited, and the production crew were gathered in the adjoining studio. At precisely 4.30 the master tapes were activated and a hush fell over studio 24. The cameras whirled around the floor, giving the producer a selection of three different angles. The signal from each camera was monitored onto a separate screen in the production room, and switch, pan and fade controls were situated underneath in an impressive array of futuristic splendour. *(Si-i-imon!)*

"Twenty seconds" yelled the producer, "silence, total silence please". Two studio guests took a long nervous breath and another section of the show was under way. Everything ran very smoothly and it seemed remarkable that such an effort could be put together in less than six hours. In normal events, *Flashez* only programmes a fortnight in advance, and even then it is only a very rough guide line. The bulk of the programming is carried out two or three days before the show. With the exception of certain film clips, the show is recorded on a day to day basis.

The filming finished at 5.00, and most of us returned to the office to view the programme as it is transmitted. Jokes are made about certain incidents, minor criticisms are aired, but in general it was agreed that the programme was rather good under the circumstances. The phone rings, and an irate and abusive mother threatens to make an official complaint about the suggestion that Elvis Presley was infatuated with death. "Positively indecent" I could hear her scream, from about thirty feet away.

And so, life goes on in the magic screen—day in, day out. "A nice place to visit" I mused, "but I wouldn't want to work there".

Witnessed by Simon Davies, who we don't have to tell you is nuts.

EDDIE TROIA

Leila and the Snakes

A 45 landed on RAM's front desk this week. So what, lots of records land on the front desk; but this one had something er, *arresting* about it. The single is by a San Francisco group called Leila and The Snakes, led by a tall, redheaded female known as Leila .T (for 'the') Snake, A.K.A. Jane Cornacker, sometime member of the Tubes and writer of their highly suggestive single, *Don't Touch Me There* with friend Ron Nagle. (She says the Snakes get much closer to *there* than the Tubes do.) Leila also wrote a track on the Tubes' *Now* album, *Cathy's Clone*. Leila and The Snakes' very own single features pouty, leering Leila and her two equally gaudy companions on the front cover, but it's the back cover that is the real jaw dropper. Against a leopard skin background, two shots of three sets of bared buttocks encased by nothing but stocking tops, dropped knickers and garter belts positively leap out at you. The bottom set of bums have the single's titles printed on them—the left bum, belonging to either Snake Pamela Wood or Pearl Gates, proclaims *Rock And Roll Weirdos;* the right bum tells you about the flip side, *Pyramid Power*. The middle bum, presumably belonging to Leila herself, is printed with the single's credits.

And what does the single *sound* like? Well, it's sort of basic new wave; *Rock And Roll Weirdos* is introduced by a speech from Leila—you know, *everybody stares and we don't care stuff*, followed by a revoltingly explicit hawking and spitting noise. *Pyramid Power* is a paean to the wonderful effects pyramids can have on your love making prowess, over an equally basic beat.

"I have a rock 'n' roll revue which is considered by at least 5 or 4 different people to be the most exciting act currently performing in the Bay Area." say Leila modestly. "In fact, here in old Frisco, I am a Big Cheese of the music scene, even if you don't even know my name, I bet!!" Leila's press release displays her fondness for exclamation marks, but she says despite her lavish use of them, they don't indicate any Big Cheese record company behind her. On stage, Leila's fond of waving her genuine pearl handled pistol at her band and singing companions, declaiming that she had to get a gun, "So that I can make these people play with me!"

Incidentally, Leila and The Snakes single is on her very own label—*Asp*.

The Mail Opener.

Rita Coolidge

Enjoy Coca-Cola

Rita Coolidge has reappeared in charts all over the world with her slow, sexy version of the old song, Higher and Higher. It's the latest in a series of successes for the lady who was born in Nashville, Tennessee, the self-proclaimed centre of country music. Rita is the daughter of a Baptist minister, who had young Rita singing in the church choir from the tender age of two.

As a college graduate working on her master's degree in Fine Arts, Rita started singing professionally to pay her college fees, but she was captured by music and before the year was out, she was off campus for good.

To make ends meet, she sang on commercials in Memphis; she also made a single, Turn Around And Love You, which was a hit in the American south. By that time she'd gone to Los Angeles to join Delaney and Bonnie and Friends for a national tour, appearing on their Accept No Substitutes album. After that came the legendary Mad Dogs and Englishmen tour with Joe Cocker, and session work on albums by Dave Mason, Graham Nash, Eric Clapton, Stephen Stills and Booker T. and Priscilla (Rita's brother-in-law and sister). Many of the artists she backed returned the favour on her first solo album — Rita Coolidge, released in '71

She met Kris Kristofferson in the same year, in an airport. They've been together ever since, now married with a three year old daughter, Casey.

Rita Coolidge is regarded as a highly intelligent, sensitive interpreter of other people's songs; her natural, Indian flavoured good looks, humour and able voice have made her own career promising.

Albums • Rita Coolidge • Nice Feelin' • The Lady's Not For Sale • Full Moon and Breakaway (both with Kristofferson) • Fall Into Spring • It's Only Love • Anywhere, Anytime (all on A&M).

If it fits, wear it.

DIRT

William Shakespeare (the singer *not* the writer), is planning to make a come-back. Another one.

In late 1974 Shakespeare released a song called *Can't Stop Myself From Loving You* which rocketed to number one across Australia and went gold. Later he recorded another hit single *My Little Angel* and his first album, *Can't Stop Myself From Loving You*.

The story goes that as a veteran of many a pub talent quest, he'd been hassling around for years when he happened to walk into Alberts recording studios the night the backing track for *Can't Stop Myself* had been laid down for another singer. It was in a particularly high key, and the original singer couldn't hack it. In walked William, equipped with exactly the right vocal range, and wham bam, he was number one. Another chart topper followed, the ingratiating (and eventually ironic) *My Little Angel*.

But his success was ruined when he was charged with carnal knowledge in Melbourne. Radio stations dropped his records from their playlists, touring was abandoned, promoters cancelled his bookings and his record company lost interest in him.

Now, however, a new promotions agency is hoping to make Shakespeare a star again by changing his glitter image and launching *The Shakespeare Campaign*.

William will soon be releasing some new material that is rumoured to have a disco flavour—*definitely* for the over-sixteens.

Ian Anderson from Jethro Tull, who are touring Australia, is reported to be considering the purchase of a vast estate on the Isle of Skye in Scotland.

The 15,000 acre estate is valued at around half a million dollars and includes a mansion, a coastal township, a pair of crofting settlements and a few mountains.

Anderson should be able to afford it; after all, Jethro Tull have sold more than 14 million records over the past ten years.

Tull are touring Australia this month, but according to Anderson, it's not a money making venture but simply a chance to present the music to Tull fans.

Since their 1974 tour Jethro Tull have had two lineup changes. For the first time Australian audiences will see bassist John Glascock (Ol' Brittledick) and a new keyboards player, David Palmer.

Do you remember *Beck's Bolero*, Jeff Beck's beloved old piece? Jimmy Page does. In fact, "I wrote it," says Page, "played on it, and produced it. I don't give a damn what he says. That's the truth. . ." OK Jimmy.

Asbury Park, New Jersey has bred some of the finest acts to be seen in American rock today. *Bruce Springsteen's* debut album was *Greetings From Asbury Park New Jersey*. So it's not surprising that he's had a lot to do with the growth of a band who are enjoying rising popularity.

Southside Johnny And The Asbury Jukes debut album *I Don't Want To Go Home* clocked up sales of one hundred thousand. Following its surprisingly successful release, the band took to the road and drew enthusiastic audiences across America.

Whilst touring the States, Southside Johnny And The Asbury Jukes appeared in a movie called *Between The Lines*, just released in the States.

Late last year they recorded their second album *This Time The Dream's On Me*. It features special guests, smooth black fifties' acts The Coasters, The Drifters and the Five Satins.

The Asbury Jukes blend their influences of fifties rock 'n' roll and R&B with sixties soul to produce their very own style of music.

PINK PEOPLE EATER

A rather bizarre trend is becoming popular in America at the moment. Although hero worship has long been a part of our society there are limits to one's appreciation of the past glories of a fellow man.

In 1874 a Utah prospector by the name of Alfred Packer was trapper in the Colorado mountains with five colleagues for the winter. He emerged in the spring—alone. Alfred Packer had eaten his buddies.

Apparently the judge presiding over Packer's trial sentenced him to death because he had eaten five of the six Democrats in Hinsdale County.

Recently students at the University of Colorado celebrated "Alfred Packer Day" by naming a restaurant after him. In Colorado, the Alfred Packer Society is campaigning for the environment with the slogan "Take A Land Developer To Lunch" whilst in Washington, Congressional staff working under the name of "The Friends Of Alfred Packer" have the motto of "Serving Our Fellow Man Since 1874".

Recently the Grill Room in the Washington Agriculture Department was hit by the growing trend when a plaque commemorating the cannabalistic prospector was hung on its wall. The plaque however, was soon removed.

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Horst Leipolt's 44 jazz label continues to turn out albums on its tiny annual budget. Two volumes by pianist Bryce Rohde will be released this month, and next month 44 is releasing an historic album, *The Brian Brown Quintet 1959*, which features the revered Stewie Spears, now Max Merritt's drummer and the oldest codger in Australian rock'n'roll, even if he is in London. November will see the release of an album by pianist Dick Hughes, followed by an LP from Nancy Stuart, one of Australia's very few female pure jazz singers. Nobody knows how Horst does it all on his small budget, but he does...

A fact that's come to light only since the death of Elvis Presley is that his manager Colonel Tom Parker visited Australia recently to arrange the first leg of the singer's 1978 world tour. Reports indicate that Parker visited both Australia and Japan and was on verge of setting up an English tour for Presley.

Presley has been interred in the family mausoleum, in a Memphis cemetry. His body was embalmed to preserve it. One particularly idotic American radio reporter who viewed Elvis' body lying in state said "He was dressed all in white, had on a blue shirt and looked extremely pale. . ."

During his career the king of rock earned an estimated $7,000 million and sold about 300 million records. One of his singles, *It's Now Or Never*, sold almost 10 million copies.

One Melbourne group who haven't had much publicity at all but are gaining quite a following are *Sidewinder*, who play a weird hybrid of jazz and blues characterised by flashly soloing. Main Man is violinist *Richard Lee*, who apparently has some classical training and whips out a mean fiddle solo, as well as a psychotic feedback extravaganza at the end of every performance. They also have an excellent guitarist who sounds like Roy Buchanan on speed. Actually, the band's stage act sucks a bit, but they're such excellent musicians they're worth a look-in.

After many delays, Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow have finally consolidated their line-up. For the meantime, anyway.

They have now acquired two new members in bass player Bob Daisley, who has previously worked with Chicken Shack and Widowmaker, and a Canadian keyboards player David Stone. They have joined the remaining members of the Rainbow line-up that toured Australia late last year of Ritchie Blackmore, Cozy Powell and singer Ronnie James Dio.

The re-shaped band are hoping to complete work on a new album before commencing their massive forty two date European tour at the end of next month.

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Crystal Cylinder
Golden Breed
JEANS
AMCO LEVIS
BEARE & LEY
Menswear, Boyswear
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and Sportswear
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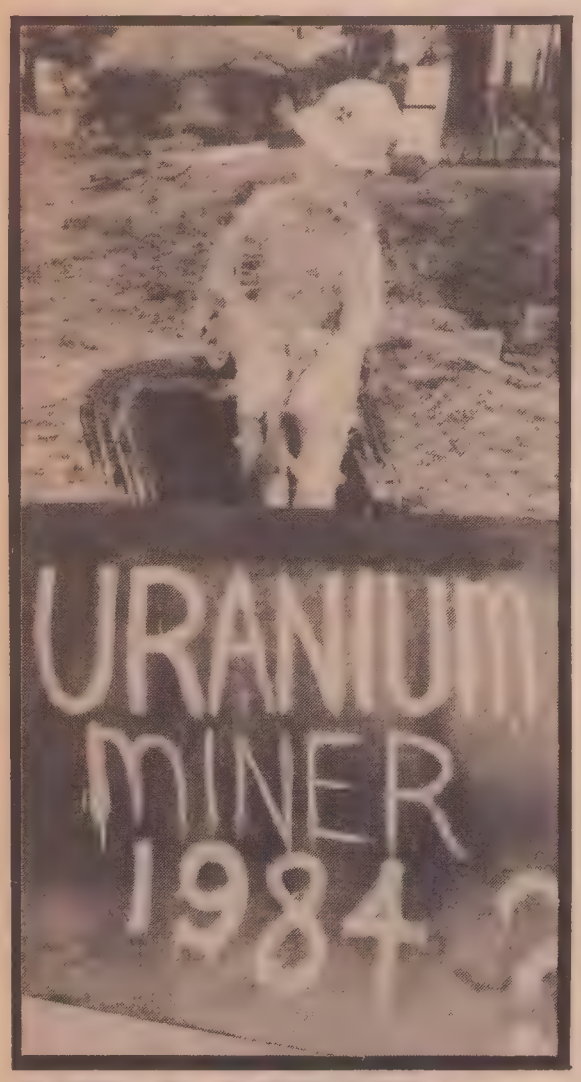

URANIUM

THE BIG U. The decision has already been made to mine Australia's uranium resources by the Powers That Be. Representatives of American mining interests who've been hanging out waiting for the go-ahead for years have been photographed drinking celebratory champagne; people are getting arrested protesting against the decision; unctuous TV commercials are appearing carefully crafted to convince you of uranium's wondrous corporate money possibilities. Between the hysteria and the big money, what's really going on? Donn Trent attempts to explain; read what he has to say while you've still got two eyes. . .

I guess it's not really surprising that the politicians in their contagious search for more power, more money, have decided to entirely neglect their children in what is really their decision. Australia's uranium will be mined.

It's almost impossible to get straight talk from anyone. No-one is prepared to inform the people of the reality of the decision made by the politicians on their behalf. I can't claim to possess the Great Answer; I don't have all the available facts. This being so, the interpretation I offer is derived from a basic distrust of People in High Places, and is slanted towards what I consider to be the real issues of the debate.

The discussion may be seen as a little out of touch with reality, especially since the decision has already been made. Nevertheless, *the game has just begun*. I believe in the very near future, when the extraction, processing and transporting of radioactive substances, coupled with the production of power from that uranium slips into overdrive, and leads to repeated failure of human technology to fully cope with its newest form of insanity, there will be many cases of near or partial catastrophe.

Before this discussion proceeds any further, let me assure you that there will be no attempt on my behalf to present the argument objectively. The whole debate is, unfortunately, extremely polarizing, society may well split into two basic ideological factions over a crisis which would never have eventuated if we had participated in a more careful resources policy in the first place. Indeed, it has been suggested that there is no *real* short term energy crisis, that the crisis has been invented in order to shift the dependency of the western countries away from the Arab oil, and thence from undue political leverage by those countries. However, it is simply not possible, where uranium is concerned, to sit on the fence.

Firstly, there are two sides to the issue. Secondly, do not underestimate the seriousness of the debate. If anyone *I* love gets eaten by a nuclear mistake, I will be the first to point a gun at our beloved grazier, and *blast his fucking head off*.

Don't undervalue the consequences of this problem. It really is life on hire purchase, a *live now, pay later* scheme. . .

There is no effective government in the world capable of avoiding participation in the uranium issue, because their existence would be threatened by other powers who were not that nice.

What this means is that any form of disinvolvement has to be international and cooperative. The only way that this can occur is to make the experience extremely unrewarding, both politically and economically. There is no way that those powers involved in the use of uranium will disengage while there are benefits to be had from its continued use.

This article is reasonably hard-line, because that's what the problem is. There are no soft corners, no easy ways out for those of more gentle refrain. Buckle your psychic seat-belt, and absorb.

The two sides—Economic Background

It is necessary to have a basic understanding of world economics, because so much of the considerations involved are primarily economic in origin.

After the Great Depression (1929-33), and especially after World War 11, the economic wizards of western democracies were deeply involved with an economic doctrine which preached a policy of effective government intervention into the free market, private enterprise, loosely called democratic capitalism, in order to stabilize and minimise the fluctuations inherent in their economies. These fluctuations are called business cycles, recessions and depressions, and if there is one basic truism concerning these phenomena of capitalism, it is that they cannot be avoided—they hurt.

However, when the capitalist governments found that they could postpone and minimise the woeful effects of the business cycle, naturally they were overjoyed. They gleefully set about pursuing energetic and rampant growth through the policy of inflating their economies. The growth of the economy through blatantly induced consumer spending had to be at an ever-increasing rate, otherwise the economy would falter. Similarly, it meant that the economy, in order to survive, depended very heavily on a constant, ensured supply of cheap fuel to maintain economic growth on a steadily upward path. Fuel—oil especially—is in constant use everywhere people are, and if the supply of energy ever dropped below the economically minimum point, then the whole socio-economic survival of the West would be in jeopardy.

This state of affairs was fine. The bosses gradually recognized that their oil supply was slowly diminishing, and set about searching for an alternative. After Hiroshima, the logical energy replacement was uranium. All was proceeding nicely until two very unexpected things happened. Those damned Arabs whacked up the price of their oil by a massive amount, and a codger named Milton Friedman was discovered by his economic and political contemporaries. Friedman's theories suggested that unbridled growth was alright, as long as the economy was able to withstand the unavoidably increasing inflation rate. The Western economies were able to do this, as long as they had *cheap* energy. . . which they no longer had.

There is a real life analogy to this; a heroin addict, say, scores his first hit and opts for more. To get the same intensity of stone, he needs a little more. He then gets either mentally or physically addicted to heroin, and gets to know what cold turkey is all about. To avoid the turkey, he has to fill himself up with ever increasing hits. Then along comes his dealer and tells him that the supplies are drying up, and that the price is doubling. So his choice is clear—roll a little old lady for some more money (which is pretty mean), or slip into methadone (which is even worse) or suffer withdrawal, then reform whatever got him into it in the first place.

So, over the last thirty years we've had a real good time. One way or another, we're going to have to pay for it (like the *Junkie*). We are now having to endure a fairly major recession (withdrawal), which will cure us of our need for inflation to artificially produce an economic "high", so that we can, theoretically, start afresh.

What this means is a possibility for a very profound change in our society, even to the stage of a social (not necessarily *socialist*) revolution. We are hyped on our standard of living—we are the addicts of a drug of our own making: *Wealth*.

This, however, assumes that (1) oil energy is the only available, and (2) current socio-economic technology will not improve.

Obviously there are other forms of energy; Solar, uranium, coal, natural gas, wind and so on are available, *(don't forget pigshit—ed.)* but at the moment, only uranium and solar are remotely feasible. And really, only uranium is *theoretically* capable of supplying our energy needs. I say theoretically because it has not yet been acheived, and there are many problems yet to be overcome. Too many opt for uranium as the next world energy supply source.

History has demonstrated that all major wars are due to big capitalists fighting for markets. . . .

If the energy crisis is not resolved, then the big capitalists—USA, Japan, France, West Germany, the countries of the Warsaw Pact etc—are going to have to compete with one another (they certainly won't co-operate) for their supplies of energy and export markets, as each country becomes more heavily protective of its own domestic market. History has demonstrated that all major wars are due to big capitalists fighting for markets and for sources of cheap raw materials. Except the war won't be simply a local flare-up; it will be hammer 'n' tong, a real motherfucking *holocaust*, designed to get rid of much of the world's superfluous population. Exit India, Asia, large chunks of Africa and Europe. . .

If war happens, there will be survivors—there always are. If uranium is found to be sufficient, then they'll fight about other things, such as where to store it, whether to develop it to the plutonium stage, on and on. One thing is for sure, with uranium around, up out of the ground, there will always be something to fight over.

Mining Uranium: the side effects.

When uranium is mined, it gives of a gas called *Radon*, which is radioactive. Scientists are only just beginning to recognize and understand the link between radioactive substances and chronic ill health. Formerly, it was believed that real physical damage could only occur through close, sustained contact with radiation over many years. This was considered correct until research was begun on the "survivors" of Hiroshima; it was then found that the exposure to the fallout has had a carcinogenic (cancerous) effect, not only on first generation victims, but on their offspring as well. Cancer is now considered, by most of the medical and scientific body, to be the result of a speeded-up cellular reproduction rate. With radon, for example, a speck of the substance sits in the lung giving off radioactive particles which hit the gene that controls the cell division rate—the speed at which your body cells are reproducing themselves. The result is, that instead of producing two daughter cells in a regular fashion, the cell explodes crazily; the rate at which it reproduces itself increases many times over. It grows into a tumour—and the tumour is parasitic. It lives at the expense of the surrounding body cells.

Plutonium is probably the *worst* because it has a tendency to become concentrated in the testicles and ovaries. This is the reproductive area of your body—that's how your children can be affected before they're even born.

For every characteristic of your body, you have a pair of genes. These genes are extremely susceptible to radiation.

A not nearly so intensive radiation from the sun and the rocks over millions of years, has produced a great many changes through gene mutations. By increasing radiation on our testicles and ovaries we are increasing the evidence and opportunity of spreading hereditary diseases. It's insane, but then the geneticists are predicting that our chances of surviving to see this increase in inherited diseases are slight; we will probably all die of cancer long before we reach that point.

* As an example, in Grand Junction in Colarado they have large quantities of uranium processing waste product, called *Tailings*, which contain Radon and Thorium and such. In the days when they believed that the tailings were relatively harmless, they made bricks, built houses, schools, hospitals, and paved highways with them. Now there is a *50% increase in cleft lip and palate among the babies being born there, and a 54% overall increase of congenital abnormalities.*

Enrichment, Nuclear Plants, and Waste Disposal.

The technology of a nuclear energy plant is basically very simple. The rods of uranium are placed close together so that the 150 or so tonnes of uranium become extremely hot. Large quantities of water are then passed over the rods and steam is created. This is the origin of the energy source; then it can be made to activate a steam turbine and create electricity. *(Simple, huh?)* However, just as burning wood yeilds ash, so does uranium—its ash is plutonium. *One millionth of a gram—it takes 28.35 grams to make an ounce—taken into your lung will certainly give you lung cancer.* The people experimenting with plutonium have found that no matter how small the amount they use, it produces cancer. One pound of plutonium would be sufficient to ensure a carcinogenic toxicity level *for every person on earth*; an operational plant makes about *500 pounds* of plutonium each year. By the year 2020, there will be over 3 million tonnes in the international community.

We must ensure that the storage place of the wastes is undisturbed for a minimum period of one million years. .

Furthermore, plutonium has a half life of 250,000 years; that simply means that although uranium decays, in 250,000 years half of the presently existing plutonium will still be around. This means that *almost a million years* must pass before the radioactive materials we have created are no longer a serious threat.

Through six fingers, darkly.

We must ensure that the storage place of the wastes is *undisturbed for a minimum period of one million years.* There must be no earthquakes, wars, volcanoes or any other disturbances to ensure the safety of a region. Society must remain totally stable for a period greater than the time we have already existed. A totally unrealistic idea; historical bullshit.

Australian aboriginals were, and are, more intelligent than we dumb white immigrants. They realized the danger of the natural uranium fields, and built the places into their religion as spots to avoid, 'holy' places. If you think they've just come down from the trees, then we, with all our fancy, meaningless technology, must be still grimly hanging onto the branches.

During the period of mining, to protect the economy, the big industrialists will have to combine with their governments to prevent groundswell political action. This will mean a rigid, totalitarian police state. It has already started; on September 1st last year, it was reported that the Fraser government is compiling dossiers, through the Australian secret police (ASIO), on the people involved in anti-uranium rallies. Several weeks ago, Joh Bjelke-Peterson put a total ban on political marches in Queensland, as well as handing over *his* dossiers to ASIO.

There are very strong *environmental* reasons why uranium development should not proceed. For example, in Seabrook, California, it has been proven that the water coolant system of the proposed plant will pour a million gallons of water *per day* back into the ocean, 4 degrees C. hotter than when it came out. This will have a definite degenerative effect on the ecology of the local life-support systems. This is just one example; it's happening everywhere there is an existing or proposed plant.

Continued on page 28

UNRAVELLING THE PRETZEL LOGIC AND TWISTED CHUCKLES OF

STEELY DAN

ERUDITE GUIDES THROUGH THE LABYRINTHINE CELLARS OF RAM'S LONGEST EVER RECORD REVIEW DISGUISED AS A FEATURE: MAX BELL AND STEVE CLARKE.

While the poor people sleep-in with the shade on the light
While the poor people sleepin' all the stars come out at night
Show Biz Kids

Before the fall when they wrote it on the wall
When there wasn't even any Hollywood
The Caves Of Altamira

Turn up The Eagles, the neighbours are listening
Everything You Did

"Becker and Fagen are interesting characters; sort of isolationists by nature. They live in these houses in Malibu, not near anybody, and I have a feeling LA helps them keep their music going on a certain level—they're almost laughing at the people in their songs."
Elliot Randall, sessioner who worked with Steely Dan.

Orthodoxy has never really been Steely Dan's forte. A rock band, and simultaneously not a rock band, the Dan is essentially the collective vision of two droll East Coast jazz buffs turned songwriters who on the surface have very little to do with rock and roll.

As Walter Becker, who—with Donald Fagen—is Steely Dan, once said, "We play rock and roll, but we swing when we play. We want that ongoing flow, that lightness, the forward rush of jazz."

Mike McDonald, now with The Doobie Brothers, who worked with the duo on their fourth and weakest album, Katy Lied, **said that Fagen and Becker would have preferred to have been born Charlie Parker and Duke Ellington respectively.**

And yet these two have collaborated to more inspired effect than any two songwriters/bandmembers working in rock since Lennon and McCartney. In stretching their own talents, utilising the studio to maximum effect, and having the taste to call upon the most suitable session men, Steely Dan prove once and for all that intellect is no barrier to creative excellence in rock.

Moreover, their music, with its post-Woodstock feel, is as relevant to the '70s in its own way as that of any of their more illustrious comtemporaries. And as the sleeve note on their debut album states so well, they're not out to pull the wool over anybody's eyes (or are they?).

The record had none of the pock marks of a debut album. Steely Dan sounded like a totally evolved identity and potential didn't enter into it. Moreover, the band's undeniable, individual and collective virtuosity didn't get the better of them for one moment. Economy and tightness were keywords in the Steely Dan modus operandi.

As composers, Becker and Fagen encompassed a wide variety of styles, musically and in terms of subject matter. Such was their consummate skill that on Can't Buy A Thrill **they were simultaneously smart ass and self effacing without landing on their backsides; witness the cryptic liner note accompanying each song.**

More to the point, there wasn't a bad track on the album. Superficially, all was well in Becker and Fagen's world. But underneath often mellifluous melody lines, cynicism, irony and sarcasm were rife. In Reelin' In The Years, **like the album's opener** Do It Again**—an American Top five single—Fagen in his technically limited but brutally effective nonchalant sneer hits back at a girl who's done the dirt on him.**

Familiar territory for a pop song, but Fagen and Becker are adept at writing a lyric which hits home, something often ignored in the light of the two's shuck-and-jive routines: Steely Dan put-downs often have the contemptuous venom of a Dylan song.

Guitarist Elliot Randall guests on the song to turn in an epic solo. Death-defying heavy metal. Right on target. And ruthlessly economical.

. Do It Again **was the album's most immediate cut. The juxtaposition of Hodder's swirling percussion, Denny Dias' sinuous electric sitar and Fagen's terse Moog lines creates a sensuous combination of music for the mind and body. It was essentially an exotic dance record. Lyrically obscure,** Do It Again **traces the life of a compulsive loser. The imagery introduces Steely Dan's obsession with images of contemporary decadence:**
Now, you'll swear and kick and beg us that you're not a gamblin' man
Then you'll find you're back in Vegas with a handle in your hand
Your black cards could make you money so you hide them when you're able
In the land of milk and honey you must put them on the table

Steely Dan had no illusions about the American Dream; be it the romance of the Wild West or its 20th Century counterpart. Becker and Fagen put the lyric in past and future time, something they'd repeat in later songs.

Another perennial Steely Dan theme given an airing here is Becker and Fagen's predilection for nostalgia as in the teenagers' shattered illusions of Midnite Cruiser. **The song reads like an overheard conversation between two people who meet ten years on and, with its doleful melody, captures the tragedy of lost youth.**

Kings **shows that Becker and Fagen probably read a few books at college and is the first of a series of examples of the Dan's historical name dropping, albeit**

deliberately misleading. In a different vein the musical irony of Only A Fool Would Say That **shows that the Dan are not party to any dumb hippy jive, another recurrent subject.**

All in all, Steely Dan gave the American market something which owed little to any rock tradition and provided much needed critical standards that only emphasised the pitiful state of the then current scene.

Steely Dan were pioneers and they'd only just crossed the first border.

Whereas Can't Buy a Thrill **was, despite its surfeit of inspired technique, primarily a song album the subsequent** Countdown **(not, incidentally, devoted to Oz TV's showcase of spoonerisms of the same name)** To Ecstasy **was a playing album. There are fewer songs, the mood is cogent and the band sound tougher.**

Not only is it a genuine progression on their debut elpee (the true test of a major artist), Countdown To Ecstasy, **as its title and packaging implies, is less accessible but ultimately more satisfying. Everything a second album should be.**

Apart from David Palmer's relegation to background vocals (and his sweet style would have seemed out of place on an album like Countdown**) Steely Dan was as before.**

Bodhisattiva **was the perfect opener (as if realising this, Steely Dan opened their sets with it on their 1973 British tour, their only European visit). Jim Hodder propels our heroes into spontaneous spiritual nirvana. George Harrison** never **sounded like this. Becker and Fagen put the finger on rock stars who trade in their silver spoons for far-fetched Oriental mysticism which taxes the pocket.**

Behind the chuckles Baxter and Dias set about the riffing like rock and roll was going out of fashion.

Incorporating some truly sublime be-bop phrases into his chops, Dias duets with Fagen in jazzier mood while Baxter makes with the hard stuff.

By contrast, Steely Dan resurrect the Latin American rhythm for Razor Boy **and keep the solos on a tight leash. Sideman Vic Feldman supplies ethereal vibes while the Skunk and Ray Brown keep things easy with steel and string bass respectively.**

Once again, the melody belies Fagen's best Brooklyn sneer as he sticks the knife into some unfortunate old flame in New Jersey. As usual with Becker and Fagen they're quick to criticise strictly middle class values. Later on Your Gold Teeth, **Fagen continues the assualt on women who give you the runaround, while the** Giant Girlfriend **crops up again on side two's** My Old School.

While the atmosphere on Countdown **is pure West Coast affluent Los Angeles with a great deal of mainstream jazz piano cool from Don, the group remember their East Coast roots on** The Boston Rag.

The song's setting is the year 1965 and everybody is getting smashed. Fagen, with characteristic nonchalence, drawls:
Lonnie swept the playroom
And he swallowed up all he found
It was 48 hours 'til
Lonnie came around

Baxter confirms his position as one of the '70s great rock guitarists as the band go through some astonishing time changes with the kind of panache previously the territory of jazz masters.

And the Dan don't exactly blow it on Your Gold Teeth. **Notice the iconoclastic fusion of styles as they weld together shades of the blues and the Orient. All life is here** (Really and truly? The whole schmear? You mean Steely Dan are God?—ed) **Steely Dan play with all the finesse of a croupier dealing blackjack. And all this from a band who three tracks earlier were laying it down hard.**

Becker and Fagen keep the venom flowing on side two's tart opener, Show Biz Kids. **The Dan have been spying on the people next door and don't like what they see. But then, they don't like much. As the song demonstrates so well, these two know how to make a valid social comment without losing their sense of humour. The Walter Matthau and Jack Lemon of rock list the show biz kids' assets:**
They got the house on the corner
With the rug inside
They got the booze they need
All that money can buy
They got the shapely bods
They got the Steely Dan T-shirts
And for the coup-de-gras
They're outrageous

Becker and Fagen were probably just cheesed off that they never got the invitation to drop by Bel Air, snort up Peruvian coke and dust off the salt cellars at Gregg's pad. Show Biz Kids **was their third American single, but unlike the other two it bombed. Even Rick Derringer's lethal slide assault couldn't persuade the public into buying it.**

Outrageous.

My Old School **did nothing to repeat Steely Dan's initial flurry of singles success. It's more nostalgia, this time petulant collegiate remembrances from the boys as they recollect those dismal days with the history books and a wild girlfriend.** (Dismal? Wild? Make up your minds, you guys—ed.) **The lightweight melody, offset by a muscular horn arrangement, shows the Dan aren't adverse to a bit of good clean fun.**

The following Pearl Of The Quarter **is overloaded with black humour. Fagen sings about some pure sucker who lost his heart to a cajun queen. Only trouble is her profession is not altogether compatible with romance. Ooh la la. Skunk gets decidedly lyrical on pedal steel on this splendid piece of musical irony.**

The album ends with Steely Dan at their finest. And on King Of The World **the band are, for once, deadly serious. The lyric is apocalyptic, the scenario a post-nuclear attack with the song's bitter protagonist attempting to make contact with anyone left in the same predicament.**

Metaphorically, the references to the Rio Grande and "the ruins of Santa Fe" point to the myth of the American "promised land". Fagen keeps back the acid, holding the Frightening Irony Of It All back until the closing :
If you came around
No more pain and no regrets
Watch the song go down
Smoking cobalt cigarettes
There's no need to hide
Taking things the easy way
If I stay inside
I might live 'til Saturday
(See Uranium article)

Much is made of Steely Dan's musical expertise and, true to form, they turn in a peerless performance here, but their skill as lyricists puts them on an equal footing with Dylan, Morrison and Joni Mitchell.

The introduction perfectly evokes the sinister world outside the fall out shelter. Insane voices babble in confusion and Fagen's characteristically terse Moog solo emphasises the incongruity of the optimism:
Show me where you are
You and I will spend this day
Driving in my car
Through the ruins of Santa Fe
Countdown to ecstasy indeed.

So how do you follow a classic album—with another one, of course. Whether it was a deliberate ploy or not, Steely Dan's third album Pretzel Logic **(a pretzel is a sour tasting confection of haphazard shape sold in America, doubtless imported by the Jewish community) combined the accessibility of** Can't Buy A Thrill **with the ruthless clarity of purpose of** Countdown To Ecstasy **without compromising either.**

It also introduced into the band contemporary funk which Steely Dan at this stage in their evolution used entirely to their advantage, something which wouldn't quite get the better of them but which would perhaps introduce a certain feeling of sterility into their music at a later juncture.

As a result, Pretzel Logic **gave Steely Dan their biggest commercial success to date. The album's cover is a black and white shot of a pretzel vendor outside New York's Central Park in the midst of the annual freeze-out. As per usual the Dan kept a low profile inside the gatefold looking as cheerful as ever.**

.Despite the plethora of the proverbial sessionmen (and yes, Jim Gordon was present. . .) Steely Dan had lost none of their corporate identity, even if it's true to say that despite Fagen's vocals they sounded like a

different band to that which had recorded *Countdown*.

In contrast to the sombre arrangements of *Countdown, Pretzel Logic* is hardly lush, but it does utilise light and shade with polished precision. Gary Katz, an integral part of the set-up, ensures that the production is as sympathetic as it had always been and even more adventurous.

With 11 cuts on the album, Becker and Fagen were recording shorter tracks and solos, but vibing off their musicians to more inspired effect than previously. The opening *Rikki Don't Lose That Number* is a perfect example of this. An idiosyncratic love song underpinned by David Paich's lilting electric piano motif (the album's dominant instrument), *Rikki* is very compact and hyper-commercial. It was certainly their most successful single in Australia, where we've been a bit slow catching up with Steely Dan. Despite its uncharacteristic chirpiness, *Rikki* served its purpose here in reaching a wider audience than the previous, cult knowledge Steely Dan albums had gained. While Baxter's solo in *Rikki* isn't that long, it's highly effective, featuring as it does some beautifully fluid playing. For once, Becker's bass is upfront. See what we meant about the black influences?

In case you might have thought that the Dan had gone soft, the subsequent *Night By Night*, a graphic portrait of life in the city, would change your mind. The combination of blaring horns and tense guitar riffing (very funky) emphasises the lyric's devil-may-care urban philosophy. El Skunk plays a muthah of a solo, guttural and piercing. New York, New York, it's a wonderful town. . .

Any Major Dude Will Tell You—note the street-talk jive—oozes street-cool optimism and is punctuated by lovely Moog and guitar figures from Walter and Denny respectively. The 'up' feel is continued on *Barrytown* which brings out some old skeletons from the graduate closet. Fagen puts forward the man in the street's attitude to needle a college clique obsessed with their hipness. You can't out cool the Dan.

On a lesser album Steely Dan's gimmicky approach to *East St Louis Toodle O* would have jarred, but here it stands as an affectionate nod to Duke Ellington, an acknowledged influence on the group besides being an allusion to Borroughs' *The Naked Lunch*. However, side two's *Parker's Band*, an infectious tribute to 'Bird' is inspired (referring to the legendary Charlie 'Bird' Parker, jazz hero of the fifties; long after his early death, the standard beatnik graffiti was "Bird Lives!") The musicians' enthusiasm and skill, as the music rushes headlong in joyous celebration, is quite dazzling; Steely Dan playing at their best.

And the exuberance of *Parker's Band* spills onto the next cut *Through With Buzz*, a tale of adolescent disenchantment which perfectly captures the naive wariness of teenage companionship. Not since George Martin's work with The Beatles had strings been so well used on a rock record.

The truly sublime title cut slows down the pace without dampening the euphoria. Here Steely Dan are the last word in cool. Dig the nostalgia, bathe in the bathos:

I have never met Napoleon
But I plan to find the time
Because he looks so lonely on that hill
They tell me he was lonely, he's lonely still
Those days are gone for ever, over a long time ago
Oh yeah

You have to *hear* it—all lyrics look kind of dumb when you have no idea of the melody they're written for.

Though structured like a blues, Steely Dan's execution transcends the form. Did Led Zeppelin ever swing like this? Throughout *Pretzel Logic*, the Dan's horn arrangements are devilishly inspired and here they're used in such a way as to send shivers up your spine.

Steely Dan have always known how to pace their records, and by sandwiching *With A Gun* between *Pretzel Logic* and *Charlie Freak* they demonstrate again just how good they are at presenting their material.

With A Gun—with its breezy melody and neo-CSN vocal harmonies—is deceptively lightweight (in actual fact, it's another loser's tale evoking dual images of the Old West and modern corruption) and as such builds up the drama for *Charlie Freak* and what is unquestionably *Pretzel Logic's* heaviest lyric.

For *Freak*, Fagen adopts the persona of an unscrupulous pawn broker who rips off a desperate junkie. With maximum ruthlessness Fagen wallows in his despicable act:

Poor man he showed his hand
So righteous was his need
And me so wise
I bought his price for chicken feed

Fagen's deceptively joyous piano riff (shades of the classics) not only perfectly evokes images of a brutal New York winter, but also captures the frozen indifference with meets the social outcast's plight:

Poor kid he over-did
Embraced the spreading haze
And while he sighed
His body died
In fifteen ways

Miraculous stiff which rams home Steely Dan's musical wit and literary flair.

The closing *Monkey In Your Soul* may not have been in the same class as *Charlie Freak*, seeing as how it sounds like it came about after some in-studio jamming. Even so, it's the Dan at their dirtiest, Jim Horn's standard raunch sax strung around a funky groove. If it's a filler, it's still great.

So there you have it, three classic albums in a row, Steely Dan bringing musical and literary devices into rock with an intelligence equalled by few in either the '60s or the '70s.

Until now Steely Dan's track record had been immaculate and at last they were getting through to an increasing number of the rock audience. However, internal problems had reared their ugly heads.

Since their ignominious exit from the concert hall in 1974 the Dan had virtually ceased to exist as a live unit. Rumours of a total split were rife and the continual postponement of their fourth album only added fuel to the doubts.

In fact, Hodder and Baxter *had* left. Doubtless bored with the lack of live performances and the concomitant lifestyle, Baxter had taken refuge with the much maligned Doobie Brothers, a band not noted for their ability to push forward the boundaries of rock 'n' roll.

Jim Hodder left to form his own band though little had been heard of him since.

Surprisingly, Becker and Fagen missed these two stalwarts on the ensuing *Katy Lied*, (and the overall lack of inspiration seeped through to the cover, not to mention the lame esoterica of the title) drummer Jeff Pocaro—used to good effect on their British tour in tandem with Hodder—and keyboard player Mike McDonald had joined Becker, Fagen and Dias as the group nexus.

Otherwise, *Katy Lied* was down to a who's who of sessionmen—a sure sign of a creative impasse—and the more Becker, Fagen and Katz strived for perfection the more sterile and convoluted the affair became. Katz himself had overproduced, particularly on the drums. It wasn't as if Pocaro was a suitable replacement for Hodder, anyway. And despite an abundance of guitar virtuosity Steely Dan lacked pizazz.

What's more, the material seemed contrived.

Becker and Fagen's wit is glib and frequently jars. Side one doesn't even begin to take off until track four—*Daddy Don't Live In The New York City No More*—Fagen delivering the song in his archetypal adenoidal whine. Even then the lyrics smack of an overlong sojourn on the West Coast, the duo failing to evoke the atmosphere of the Big Apple, something they'd done so well on *Pretzel Logic*. Despite Becker and Fagen's, especially Fagen's, self-confessed preference for living in dark places (Fagen has a fondness for caves), that relentless West Coast sunshine and orange juice had seeped in and weakened their sarky grip on things darkly funny. Only glibness remained—albeit well played, *superior* glibness. It's a more tongue-in-cheek strain of the Californian disease you hear in its rampant stage in the Meisterwerk of the Glib, The Eagles' po-faced social comment of *Hotel California*. Steely Dan never got *that* slickly two faced; they've never recorded songs about how gosh darned *hard* it is to be a good moral superstar as opposed to a nasty, self-indulgent evil one.

Side two is better—with far more continuity and a higher percentage of original melodies; far too often on *Katy Lied* Becker and Fagen seem short of ideas and intent on obscurity for its own sake. Previously a Becker-Fagen song had always been more than the sum of its parts.

Chain Lightning attempts to reiterate an old idea and almost succeeds. *Any World (That I'm Welcome To)* is perhaps the only perfect marriage of melody and lyric on the album, with its depressed, doleful ring.

For the first time Steely Dan received mixed reviews. However, its overt inferiority—as these things seldom do—didn't stop it selling.

Aficionados awaited the next release with trepidation. Elliot Randall, who had contributed to the band since its inception, was asked to join for an aborted tour, but declined.

It was clear by now that Becker and Fagen wanted no part of the conventional trappings of rock 'n' roll fame and were running the risk of trying the patience of even their most commited fans. The Dan have always got away with nourishing their audience on almost pure black vinyl, unadulterated by stage appearances. A risky proposition, but more so when the recorded fan food started going off. Word filtered through of their in studio intransigence.

Rick Derringer told of their insistence on perfection. Maybe they were just plain difficult to work with.

The ensuing *The Royal Scam* didn't resolve the Dan's creative crisis but recaptured some lost ground. Any pretence of a band democracy had vanished. Denny Dias was even relegated to third place on the guitar credits. And The Crusaders, that long-standing (ten years) gang of black and white Southern funkers, lent their guitarist Larry Carlton, who got most of the axe action.

As far as songwriting went, Becker and Fagen were back on form. The lyrics are more substantial and better crafted than on *Katy Lied*. It could be argued that the words on *The Royal Scam* are Steely Dan's finest ever. The lyrics had long been included in the album packages for listeners' consultation; a common practice, but one well worth doing where Steely Dan is concerned. Their rapid delivery and often unlikely matching of cynical, downright threatening lyrics with sweet melody sometimes puts your ears in such a state of confusion that you miss what they're actually *singing*. Take *Razor Boy* f'instance, off the *Countdown* album, with its beguiling chorus refrain:

What will you do
When the Razor Boy Comes
And takes all your fancy things away?

The tune is acapella, the last line's vocals climb up to daisy-sweet falsetto, but the lyrics will chill your blood. The title track of *The Royal Scam* sounds very grand, almost unctuous, till you catch the words; from the same album, *Haitian Divorce* revels in a melodic line that's all Jamaican jollies, or would be if you didn't understand English as she is sung by Steely Dan. The lyric sheets are a very handy short cut to the Dan, particularly to *The Royal Scam*. It's not that the lyrics are obscure; they're simply, and very cleverly, unexpected.

The Caves Of Altamira is the Dan daydreaming again, incorporating the birth pangs of intellectual curiosity as well as taking a swipe at American culture. *Don't Take Me Alive* brings you back to the harsh reality of living in the city in the '70s. Becker and Fagen draw a perfect thumbnail sketch of a cornered criminal—with all due respect to the *Dog Day Afternoon* film, they manage the same thing within the space of one album track. An unusual scenario for a song. Randall's lurching eerie guitar adds to the tension.

The setting shifts to another newsreel for *Sign In Stranger*. Images of seediness abound. In contrast to *Don't Take Me Alive*, there is now law in this scenario. The protagonist is full of obsequious contempt for the 'stranger' to this desperate part of the Third World, the other side of the coin to *The Royal Scam*. The Dan wheel out suitably exotic percussion and ethnic rhythms.

Aside from the irritating smartness of *The Fez (Hey, I like that song! OK, OK, I'll go away—ed)* and the slightness of *Green Earrings*, the album's only moment of light relief is the ribald *Haitian Divorce*, a British hit single, although it didn't get very far here, unfortunately. Larry Carlton retreads a tasty lick from The Crusaders' *Southern Comfort* while Fagen makes with the barbed point. The language is pidgin English as the Dan trace the couple's progress from America to the land of Papa Doc and Ton-Ton Macoute.

Just as *Countdown To Ecstasy* had culminated in *King Of The World, The Royal Scam* follows suit, leaving its title track—the most overt piece of political and social comment on the album—until last. And Becker and Fagen's gift for the sardonic comes into force again. Images of colonialism, enigmatic though they are, had appeared throughout the record. Now, Becker and Fagen lay all their cards on the table and tell it straight.

The song deals with the fate of Puerto Rican immigrants seeking riches on the streets of New York and their eventual and inevitable ensnarement in the ghetto. (Here we call them wogs and they live in places like Redfern and Collingwood). An inspired horn arrangement by the main-men and Chuck Findley conjures up the ideal ambience for the immigrants' lost innocence. Having come to America with nothing, they find their Eldorado on the end of a syringe:

By the blackened wall he does it all
He thinks he's died and gone to heaven
Now the tale is told by the old man
Back home he reads the letter
How they are paid in gold just to babble
In the back room all night and waste the time
And they wandered in from the city
Of St John without a dime
See the glory of the Royal Scam

A contemporary *West Side Story*. So, *The Royal Scam* had reaffirmed Becker and Fagen's literary talents. Their talent for characterisation is scarcely equalled in rock and on the album they had sharpened their observations even further. However, while the melody lines—unlike those on the previous *Katy Lied*—are once more inspired, the album lacks spontaneity, doubtless because the musicians involved are not playing as a band.

If Steely Dan are ever to recapture the intoxicating excellence of their first three albums, they'll probably have to do it by once again working as a more cohesive unit. They still haven't toured since 1974. Currently there is talk that they'll tour America around Christmas and will pay an overdue visit to Britain sometime next year. As for getting to Australia, who knows? Always reluctant to tour, it seems unlikely Steely Dan will follow the well-trodden path of a world-wide rock wingding and make it here, as the logical step in the Japan/S.E. Asia/New Zealand/Australia section of the usual world tour. The Japanese would probably think the Dan were just another bunch of merry songsters; they'd find it hard going deciphering those all-important lyrics. . .

A new album, possibly a double (and presumably this would help Steely Dan to disengage from ABC, for whom they've previously aired their displeasure—and sign with Warners) is planned for no later than September release under the tentative title of *Aja*, but then you never know with the Dan, certainly one of the '70s rock bands who prove just how limitless the genre can be.

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THE AUDIOPHONIC ABC

Simon Davies (clever lad) tells you, in vaguely alphabetic form, how to be a roadie in your very own home, and what all those peculiar whizz, bangs, thumps and little messages on the backs of electrical things mean. In this issue, he covers A to H. No Cheryl, a Hertz is not necessarily a rental car. . .

No doubt you're expecting an amazingly comprehensive analysis of hi-fi but I thought that it would be better to clear up the terminological misconceptions, and at the same time shed some light on the technical info that confronts every stereo buyer. Contrary to popular belief, these specifications are extremely important for a good music system. Later I'll discuss the components of a music system (turntable, tuner etc) but for the present, this dictionary should provide you with enough grounding in the technical aspects.

A.C. Alternating current. This is the form of current which operates your equipment. The flow changes direction in cycles, fifty or sixty times a second—depending on which part of the world you live in.

ACOUSTIC OR MECHANICAL FEEDBACK. That terrible low pitched howl that is set up when a turntable or microphone is too close to the amplifier or speakers.

ACOUSTICS. The science of sound and its effects (on buildings, rooms etc).

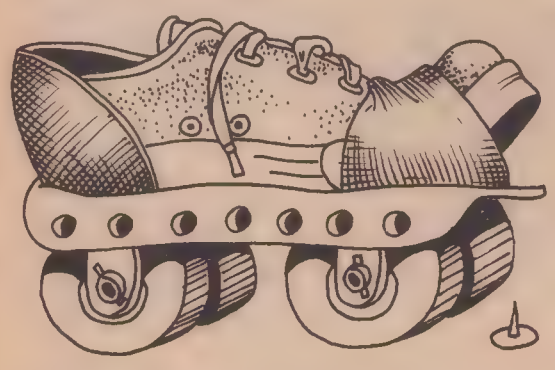
A.M. Amplitude modulation. Transmitting sound by means of a varying sound signal (music, speech etc) loaded onto a carrier wave of a stable frequency. The frequency of A.M. is between 535 and 1605 kHz.

AMPERE. The basic unit of current. Current is also measured in Milliampere (thousandth of an ampere), and microampere (millionth of an ampere).

AMPLIFICATION. The increase in signal magnitude.

AMPLIFIER. A unit which increases the voltage or current of a signal from a turntable, tape deck, tuner or microphone. The sound signal from each of these components is very weak, and therefore it must be amplified in two stages. The PRE-AMPLIFIER contains various controls for bass, treble, loudness, balance etc, and the final voltage is then great enough for the MAIN or POWER AMPLIFIER to take over and raise the signal enough to drive the speakers.

ANTENNA. This device is used to pick up the radio or television waves. It can be made out of wires, loops, metal tubes or bars. Must not be confused with ANTEATER, a South American insectivorous quadruped.



ANTI-SKATING DEVICE. A mechanism on a turntable which exerts a small outward force to counteract the inward force exerted on the tone arm and stylus by natural forces.

AUX OR AUXILIARY IMPUT. An additional imput built into amplifiers, which accepts extra signal sources such as cassette decks.

BALANCE CONTROL. A potentiometer used to adjust volume differences between the left and right channels.

BASS. The low part of the sound spectrum or frequency range. Sound with a frequency of 200 Hz or less is considered bass.

BASS REFLEX. A design of speaker cabinet, where an outlet permits the sound emitted by the rear of the speaker cone to be radiated to the front.

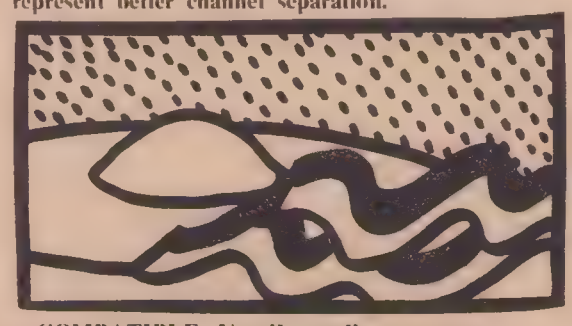
BINAURAL. A literal translation would be "two eared", but the user of this word would probably mean STEREOPHONIC.

CAPSTAN. The drive spindle on a tape deck. A pinch roller presses the tape against the capstan and in this way, the tape is drawn across the heads.

CARTRIDGE. In its more usual form, the cartridge is the phono pickup which holds the stylus at the end of a turntable tone arm. The function of this cartridge is to convert the mechanical vibrations caused by the stylus movement, into electrical energy which is then run through an amplifier. Cartridge is also the name given to a packaged endless loop of tape (usually resembling a cassette). The cartridge is used by radio stations for advertising and station logos.

CHANNEL. A complete sound path. The stereo system has two of these sound paths, and therefore, two separate sounds may be heard at the same time.

CHANNEL SEPARATION. The degree to which the left and right channel signals are separated from each other in an F.M. tuner, amplifier etc. In a stereo deck the reading should be at least 55dB. On four track equipment, this figure can be reduced to 30 dB. In all these cases, the higher figures represent better channel separation.



COMPATIBLE. Usually applies to stereo records that can be played with a mono pick-up, or a stereo pick-up which can be used for playing mono records. When an FM stereo signal is receivable as mono by a receiver or tuner, that is called a compatible system.

COMPLIANCE. In its weary wun awound the wecord gwooves *(weally?—ed.)*, the stylus (needle for the uninformed) must faithfully follow the vertical and horizontal undulations in the groove itself. To do this, the stylus must have a certain amount of flexibility. The ability of the stylus to follow the groove, expressed as a figure, is called compliance. The unit of compliance is 10^{-6} cm/dyne and the figure should be at least 8×10^{-6} cm/dyne.

CONDENSER MICROPHONE. The membrane on this microphone is a condenser plate and when this plate vibrates in sympathy with the sound waves, a change occurs in its electrical capacitance.

CONTROL AMPLIFIER. A pre-amplifier and a main amplifier combined in one unit.

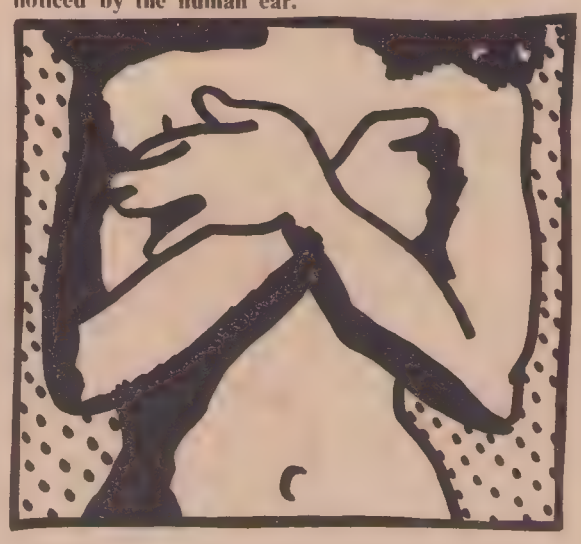
COUNTERWEIGHT. A weight at the rear of the tone arm behind the pivot, which counteracts the weight of the arm, cartridge and stylus. By adjusting this weight, the downward or TRACKING FORCE can be adjusted.

CROSSOVER FREQUENCY. The borederline frequency between the low-medium range and the medium-high frequency range.

CROSSTALK. The leak of right channel signal into the left channel and vice versa. See also CHANNEL SEPARATION.

CUEING. Marking or starting a record or tape at a particular spot.

DB. Decibel. A unit of relative intensity of sound. It can also be used to compare the relative intensities of two different sounds. Two to three decibels is the smallest sound difference that can be noticed by the human ear.



DISCRETE. Four channel sound. The most authentic four channel quadrophonic system available.

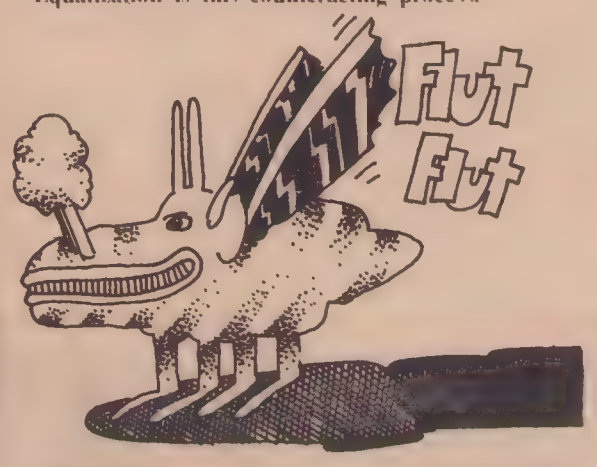
DISTORTION. When a signal overloads either a preamplifier or a main amplifier, the output signal contains noise hum and dips in the frequency response that were not present in the original imput signal. In its true sense, distortion is any deviation from the original imput signal.

DUAL CONE. In order to handle different frequency bands efficiently, various speaker cone diameters must be used. Usually this is effected by using two or more different speakers, but the dual cone speaker has one cone of two different densities, one for bass response and one for treble response. This cone is operated by the speaker coil. This must not be confused with the co-axial speaker which has two separate cones of different diameters.

DYNAMIC RANGE. The sound intensity range (dB's) of an appliance. In amplifiers and such, dynamic range is the lowest to the highest pressure levels that the device can handle.

ECHO. A weaker and less intense duplicate of the original sound, following it almost immediately.

EQUALIZATION. When a phonograph record is cut, the bass is attenuated and treble is boosted. This is because the groove would be too wide on a bass tone if the record cutter worked on a linear principle. So when a record is played through a music system, the bass tones must be boosted and the treble tones must be cut back. Equalization is this counteracting process.



FLUTTER. A wavering of pitch caused by speed fluctuations in the movement of a tape or disc. The figure is expressed as a percentage. 0.2% is the highest tolerable figure for both turntables and tape decks.

FM. Frequency modulation. In this form of transmission, a carrier, sub carrier and pilot wave are used. FM derives its name from the fact that the frequency, and not the amplitude of the carrier wave, is altered. In this way, reception can be stereophonic.

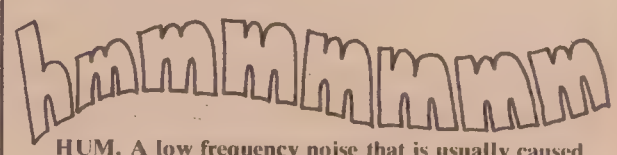
FREQUENCY. The number of complete cycles in a wave, per second. The basic unit is the Hertz (Hz).

FREQUENCY RESPONSE. The range of frequencies that a unit will respond to. In turntables this should be at least 20—16,000 Hz $\pm$ 3 dB. Tape decks, at any speed, should have a response of at least 45—13,000 Hz. Amplifiers should have a range of 25—30,000 Hz $\pm$ 1 dB. If the reading is taken at a pressure of three dB, the range would have to be greater.

GAIN. The degree of amplification achieved in an amplifier, in relation to the input signal.

HARMONIC DISTORTION. When a signal of a certain frequency is put through an amplifier, the output signal will contain a certain number of HARMONICS which are multiples of the original signal. Harmonic distortion, or TOTAL harmonic distortion is measured as a percentage of the total output intensity. Because the readings are taken at quite a number of different frequencies and output levels, it's very difficult to recommend a maximum percentage.

HERTZ. (Hz). A unit of frequency equal to one cycle per second.



HUM. A low frequency noise that is usually caused by the 50 cycle A.C. frequency or its direct harmonics. Insufficient grounding is the main cause of this interference.

Next issue—part two. I—Z.

URANIUM cont.

A *meltdown* occurs when the falling water level doesn't cover the uranium rods. It results in the "melt through to China" syndrome, meaning that the rods become so hot they form a huge, 150 tonne molten blob that melts its way through the bottom of the reactor, one-tenth of a mile into the earth. The containment lid on top of the reactor would be blown off, and radiation would be released. It almost happened in Alabama last year. *Almost* is too close.

In Washington two years ago, 200,000 gallons of high level waste containing much radioactive material leaked out of its container. It was *two months* before the leak was discovered. . . the material is seeping through the ground, it's now 100 feet above the Colarado River and *nothing can be done to stop it* going into the river. You can't smell it, you can't taste it, you can't see it. *And it will kill you.*

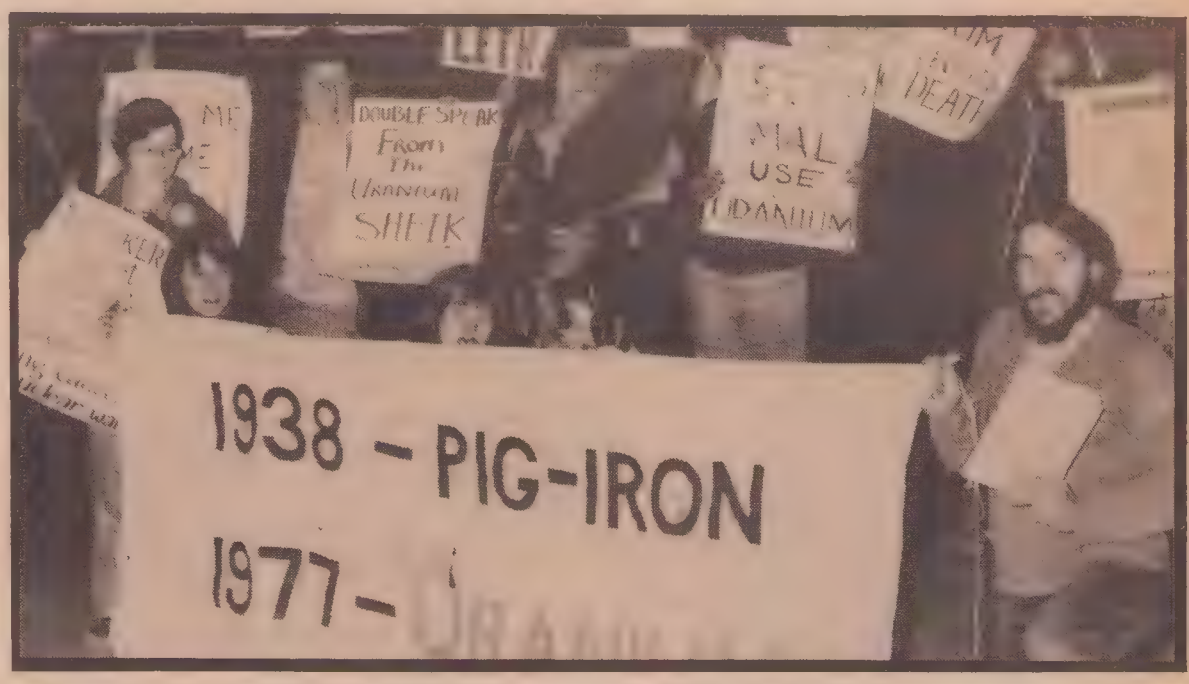
The other side

The nominal advantage of uranium usage is that over the next 15-25 years, when there may not be an adequate energy replacement, uranium energy will allow us to maintain our current standard of living. If you like the present way the world is going, and you don't mind the reality of a police state, then opt for uranium. You deserve it. If the uranium age does proceed, the insecurity of the world for our children will be far greater than it ever has been before.

When Fraser talks of the *benefits* of expanding the industry, the Crazy Grazier talks about employment, the balance of trade, aboriginals, 3rd World countries and so on.

At best, extended uranium development will create jobs for only about three to four thousand workers, that is 1% of our current unemployed. This is because the industry is a very capital intensive one, ie, it requires very few men to run the machines. Most of the workers will be people behind desks.

The uranium industry is a very isolated one. Most of the capital to mine the stuff will be imported; the industry is almost totally foreign owned. So we won't see any of the profits. The technology of the industry will not be useful elsewhere in the economy-in fact, the only real benefit Australia will receive is through a small amount of taxation and a temporary improvement in the balance of payments, assuming we mine the junk for as long as has been predicted, and that prices do not fall.



There's been a lot of tasteless headlines about Stone Age Millionaires, but the truth is the aboriginals don't want it, never have and never will. As far as they are concerned, the most benefit that they could get from uranium is to leave it in the ground. I think they know what they need better than Fraser. They value their tribal land more than ephemeral money.

One of Fraser's most often used arguments, is that if we do not supply our uranium, then those countries starved for fuel will engage in the *enrichment process*, which means using a *Fast Breeder Reactor*, for which plutonium is necessary. If we supply *our* uranium, then only *Light Water Reactors* will be necessary, which are not half as dangerous. This would be true, except that already Japan and West Germany have announced that they will opt for the fast breeder no matter how much uranium we give them. . . and others will follow. Incidentally, Fraser has stated that we only supply uranium to signatories of the *Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty*. . . how hollow is that, when it only takes 90 days notice to get out of the treaty?

The pro-uranium lobby have claimed that poor, energy short underdeveloped countries will benefit because, at present, they spend a large proportion of their export earnings on fuel, and a domestic uranium energy supply will mean increased welfare and political independence. But they have no grid system through which they can distribute that electricity; the only real beneficiaries would be the rich who can afford to establish a feeder system to their front door. Furthermore, *an average college student physicist can design and build a bomb*—all that is needed is the plutonium, which will be a by-product of the reactor—and in the politically unstable Third World countries, such armament potential is truly frightening.

The reality is that the benefits of nuclear energy assist only the big multinational conglomerates who wish to maintain their grasp on a centralized power source, and thus maintain their own political and economic power base. And the governments who wish to retain the luxuries of a basically wasteful living standard.

Solutions.

There are no easy solutions. At our present level of socio-economic technology, a lot of people are going to get hurt whatever the final decision is.

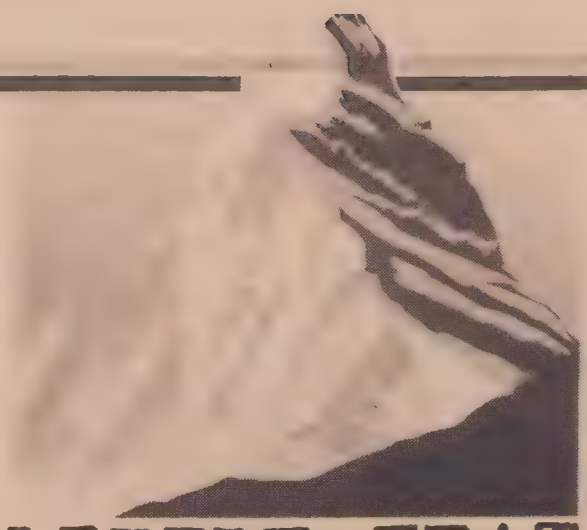
If you believe that a culture which would risk the possibility of utter destruction, and at least, the definite reality of a cancerous, mutant race terrorized by a police state is worth saving to avoid a mere 15-25 years of relative hardship, then it's all yours. I wish there was just somewhere I could go to escape. The mess we've made is only our responsibility, and it's simply not acceptable to dump its consequences onto future generations. We owe them, and ourselves, and more importantly, the planet itself, the right to lead a life free from those nuclear possibilities.

ANDY GIBB

The premiere album featuring the Number 1 American hit 'I Just Want To Be Your Everything'.

ON RECORD and TAPE

36257



LITTLE FEAT

Fear and loathing in the band

Lowell George is not happy. Bill Payne is being diplomatic. Max Bell is all ears.

Long loved by those happy few who discovered them way back around their first or second album, the people for whom *Dixie Chicken* does not conjure up visions of Colonel Sanders, Little Feat stepped out into the wider public spotlight last year. Wider recognition had been a long time coming for a band with such a remarkably distinctive sound; they give the kind of impression of collective Americana The Band used to monopolise. Only Little Feat are much more out-front rocking than The Band; they don't see themselves as a compendium of musical history. The way has been long and hard however; lately, rumours have abounded that star turn Lowell George, of the astounding slide guitar and voice, is leaving to go solo. Investigation isn't easy; Little Feat has always set up something of a barrier against the press, which is probably one of the many reasons why it took them so long to heave themselves out of cult status and into the wider marketplace. And now, cracks are appearing in the edifice.

For the first time it seems that that presumptuous, amazing and amusing band have not travelled well. Bill Payne and Paul Barrere, who comprise the diplomacy corps on the current tour, would have you believe otherwise, but things are not as they were.

The trouble is that the Little Feat inner sanctum present some kind of a united front. There is a scenario for inside dirt-digging but no plot. Payne dismisses reports that Lowell George will leave soon with some inescapable facts. "Lowell's an unpredictable cat but he's out there playing. He hasn't gone anywhere yet."

It's only when the drinks are loaded in the after-hours murk of a bad night that some of the truth emerges. Lowell, reputedly, hates drummer Ritchie Hayward's guts. They have a backstage barney after a poor live show.

Two nights later Paul Barrere doesn't make the encores and, at a party for the band held at London's Hard Rock club, George sulks outside. Someone asks Lowell if he's having a good time. He says he isn't.

The facts are that Lowell George has been in bad shape. Hepatitis from too much Remy Martin, and other problems that musicians are heir to. Illness and physical weakness meant that he contributed next to nothing to *Time Loves A Hero*. . . or was he just holding back for his solo album?

Payne says Lowell doesn't even have a lot of original material on that record: "There's Allen Toussaint's *What Do You Want The Girl To Do* and maybe *Fancy* (that wonderful tale of a tart with a heart of solid platinum done by ex-show girl Bobby Gentry, also responsible for the quirk hit *Ode To Billy Joe;* she gave up music after *Fancy* and married an aged millionaire, divorcing him soon after for a huge settlement. End of digression about our favourite tart) plus some Fred Tackett and Jackson Browne stuff. The truth is that Lowell hit a dry period and the rumours escalated because we kept low for so long. We were off in the studio from last July to April this year and that's happened before."

George is said to dislike Bill Payne's recent commercial aspirations and indeed Payne talks of wanting a hit single, a "progression of records", steady "product" and heavier touring—"Otherwise we'll always be in the same dead-end street."

Now your own interpretation of all this depends on whether the new Feat direction pleases or appalls. I've listened to countless people assure me that *Time Loves A Hero* lacks humanity, warmth and cohesion. That the material is weak/pretentious, that Little Feat are going through the motions and giving off a bad vibe (man).

But Lowell George has been touted as the martyr in this particular cause and too many critics have over-reacted to the new style.

While Lowell is undoubtedly the most appealing and obviously talented member of the entourage he certainly isn't the most reliable. Unfortunately, the live reviews back up the critical back lash. Except that the nights I saw the band, they not only produced a brilliant display of Little Feat at their playing best but turned in the best two concerts I've seen all year. Easy.

Even so on the last night one couldn't help but wonder exactly what Lowell said to Payne during the latter's piano solo on *Dixie Chicken.* It looked suspiciously like "play some rock 'n' roll for Chrissakes", or words to that effect.

Certainly Payne was mightily displeased by the harangue and left the stage for three minutes.

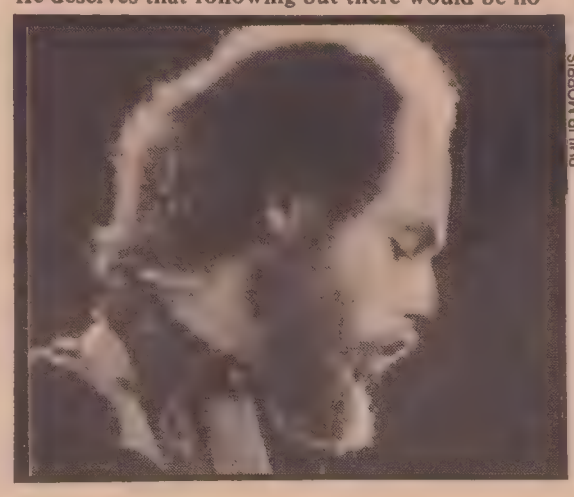
This is pure supposition, but then all the adverse reports have been reading between the lines to some extent.

For some reason George would not give any interviews, although when I'd met him earlier he took me aside and with a deep brown-eyed smile suggested that "If you get me jacked up properly I start telling the truth."

On stage George seems uninterested in 40 per cent of the show and fools around to the point of distraction. While in the past this would be taken in good spirit now it looks like calculated insurrection. The mock fight between him and Barrere on stage was high jinx with serious undertones.

This was the background atmosphere in which I interviewed Bill Payne. None of the band is hanging round together much. Lowell sleeps in and socialises apart. Payne is helpful if slightly unhappy, but he is most definitely recalcitrant apropos the recent direction:

"If the reviewers don't like it that's tough shit. The worse reviews we get the more records we sell and the happier I am. We've been a little loose some nights because the whole band has to play well for it to work. Most of the critics are Lowell George fans. He deserves that following but there would be no group if the individuals weren't able to make their own mistakes and achievements. They'll get Lowell George as a solo artist soon enough."



PHILIP MORRIS

Payne admits that George dislikes the style on *A Day At The Dog Races* and the *Time Loves A Hero* album in general. He doesn't play on that number live and has taken to missing rehearsals.

The next move is a live album recorded on the recent British tour and at Washington DC. I'd mentioned the proliferation of live bootlegs to Lowell a few days earlier. "Sure they're good, I helped produce them." This could have been solemn leg pulling; anyway Payne denies any knowledge of the fact and expresses annoyance at the bootlegs:

"I sure hope he didn't produce them! The fans will buy anything I guess so this should cut down on those records. We've let Lowell produce the live record."

Payne agrees that there is a schism in the band right now:

"I have to believe that there aren't too many tensions in the band, no more than all bands go through. Lowell has more of an image than we do—image is something we lack—but we can't abide by outside rules. We make more decisions now. Our lack of American success never hampered our music but I want the band to reach a larger audience. Lowell was so bombarded with problems that he didn't always come up with the right decisions. If we have different visions of the group then he respects my direction and I respect his. With Paul being into R&B the combination makes us better than predictable bands."

The 1977 version of Little Feat is straighter than before. Payne asked artist Neon Park to come up with a cover that reflected this: "We take ourselves a little more seriously. Ritchie Hayward wanted some birdshit on the statue. That might have been cool." He isn't too sure.

And the future holds no sustenance for George fanatics, no compromise from Payne on the jazzier elements that stamp his hand on the last record.

"I've got some solos which make *A Day At The Dog Races* look like the piece of cake it basically is. The *Oh Atlanta's* and *Rock And Roll Doctors* are infrequent—I'm into something else as well and so is Ted Templeman. You'll see that the next Doobie Brothers album is amazing. Their recording sense is better than ours. We push each other too because the bottom line is that we're musicians. We're not up there in make-up, we've got to get ourselves off or there's no sense in going on. I'll leave when we start to bland-out."

Payne is well aware of the cocaine path to eternal nausea. Fear and loathing in Los Angeles with a ten dollar bill up the brain. "I play on a lot of those tedious records but sessions are an easy way to make a living."

We end on a happier note: the true tale of the lost Little Feat tapes. Seems that Lowell had taken a brilliant version of *Rock And Roll Doctor* to New Orleans where Allen Toussaint would dub on the horns. The day dragged on and Toussaint wasn't hurrying. In the long run the brass took it and did their part perfectly in one take, after all Toussaint's dithering. George had five minutes to catch a plane and rushed off with the finished product, though the band *did* hear the finished version. Two weeks later Lowell lost the tapes on a train, but they were located.

"That isn't the first time he's done that—but he's so strange that I expect it. The first time he played *Rock And Roll Doctor* I flipped. It sounds straight but Lowell's stuff is always bizarre. It took me ages to teach the band how to play it."

Maybe it is true that Little Feat have reached an impasse although my ears tell me otherwise. No-one could argue that they have failed to take their potential the whole way. Ironically, the message on *Time Loves A Hero* sums up the position of the band perfectly. It's either the great healer or the seal on frustration. Only time will tell.

Jeremy Paul

BREAKING UP IS EASY TO DO

Six weeks ago Jeremy Paul, ex-member of the band Air Supply, seemed all set to make the big time.

A contract to record an LP at Cherokee Studios in Los Angeles, a trip to London to appear at the annual CBS International Concert and a tour with Rod Stewart starting in Montreal in October and winding up at Madison Square Gardens in New York were all in the bag. Jeremy seemed well on the way to stardom.

But two weeks ago, he blew the whole thing. He walked out, quit the band in LA and flew home to his stone cottage in one of Sydney's northern suburbs and to his girlfriend, model Rosemary Wheeler.

"You crazy fool", they're all saying. "How could you do it, how could you blow such a marvelous opportunity?"

"I have absolutely no regrets about my decision", Jeremy said this week. "It was, above all, for purely selfish reasons".

The move had been brewing for quite some time, but it was not until the band (comprising Russell Hitchcock, Graham Russell and Jeremy) hit London that Jeremy's decision was actually brought to a head.

"You could say I began to have my doubts about my part in the band soon after *Love and Other Bruises* became a hit. It was a phenomenal success and as soon as it had sold 40,000 copies and become a double-gold LP, the business deals started taking place.

"Suddenly we found ourselves in the middle of a big machine which virtually dictated the way we lived, even how we looked. Every time we started to do something, it was interrupted by another business deal.

"We became pawns in the business game of rock 'n' roll. Air Supply quickly changed from a band of musicians into a business deal, a saleable product. The whole thing just became uncreative and wasn't satisfying me".

The actual decision to leave the band, however, was prompted by two things: firstly, the LP recorded in the States was backed by American musicians. They took Jeremy's bass away. Whereas, says Jeremy, "We should have been playing on the album. But the management's argument (CBS International and Billy Gaffs Organization) was that they wanted the best musicians available for our first American album. So we were stuck up front and backed by American musicians."

JOSEPH ANGUS

Secondly, in London Jeremy was requested to play *acoustic* guitar at the CBS Concert. He had little say in the matter—"I found myself onstage for the first time ever playing acoustic guitar and I didn't like it. I felt as though I was just an added extra to the band, a third person there for the sake of appearances only. I just couldn't get off on acoustic guitar."

In London too, the band was backed by a group of session musicians including strings.

"There were 1800 delegates there from all over the world, and it was the first time that an Australian band had ever appeared at the concert. But we'd arrived only 2 days before the gig was due to start and we wandered on stage with an unrehearsed band and string section to boot. *(Kicking violin players? Air Supply are supposed to be nice chaps—ed)* I was playing acoustic guitar—consequently we were rather unprepared and it was quite obvious to the audience."

It was then that Jeremy started to think seriously about leaving.

"My major problem was that it was no longer a band as such, but just a group of experienced musicians playing together. As far as the concept of a band goes, it just didn't work out.

"Worst of all was the fact that we'd turned into just another promotional object for the recording company."

They returned to LA, the album was finished and the mixing just beginning to take place.

"The album was really good. I felt absolutely ecstatic about it and that's what made the decision really difficult."

To continue, however, meant signing a recording contract with CBS in the States for 3 years.

"I was no longer stimulated, and felt I couldn't get my teeth really stuck into anything. So one night I got absolutely blind drunk and talked the whole thing over with the management and Graham and Russell, and decided to quit."

A happy enough decision it seems—the management paid Jeremy off for an unspecified amount and he returned home to Sydney. What of Graham and Russell's reaction? "Well", says Jeremy, "it was really a matter of taste—I'd think something was a good idea and they usually didn't agree. I didn't really see eye to eye with them, so I was better out."

Who's the replacement? "No-one. It's sensible business to split the division of profits between two people instead of three", he said wryly.

And the future?

"I'm going to start recording some of my own songs.

"I've just come across the greatest song today which I intend recording as a single within the next 2 months."

It's a ballad written by friend Rick Turk which Jeremy believes has enormous commercial potential.

"The treatment will be somewhat similar to Boz Scaggs' *Georgia*. It's got a catchy line and a good beat and I think it should do well."

Jeremy's got another 40 songs on the books—"My own and some that have been written for me. I'm going to be recording again as a solo artist and financing it all myself."

Then there's a film lined up for the next year. "It's in the process of being organised at present, and is about the relationship between an Italian family and an Australian guy. The AFC *(Australian Film Corporation, darlings—)* have already granted the writer, Ugo Marriotti, $2 million towards it." Jeremy's always been interested in acting and hopes to further his career in this area.

Then there's his marriage to girlfriend Rosemary on New Years' Eve.

So Jeremy's very positive about the future—everything looks rosy again. He's learnt a lot, however, and intends not to get his fingers burnt again.

"The last thing I'll do is sign another 3 or 5-year recording contract with any company."

He'll do the dictating next time. And with his attitude, he's sure to do well.

Sheridan Rogers

BOB KING

TRACEY-ANN LEE IS SWEET SIXTEEN; BUT IS INNOCENCE A VIRTUE

"Everywhere I go I have to have one of my parents or someone they know really well along with me. They're very strict as far as going out is concerned." Any other sixteen year old would have left home but blond folk singer Tracey-Ann Lee seems to be quite proud of her parents as she sits among the garbage that clutters up the RAM office kitchen, home of many a sordid mug of coffee concentrate.

Tracey is here to promote her debut single *Born To Be Loved*. For a sixteen year old school girl her career has been quite impressive. At the age of eleven she was busking on street corners with her brother Mark, getting hassled by officers of the law and having a fun time. The pair then built up a regular following whilst busking in the Argyle Centre before trying their luck at the Cellar folk club in Sydney. "When we thought we were competent we went down there and asked Cliff Atkinson if we could audition. He said 'Oh no, it's too late, we've got too many people so go away.' So we hid in the Mens *(scandal!)* and got up on stage and just sang and he hired us that night. And from then on we had about two appearances every week until it closed down.

"It was so magical at that time. It was at the end of the hippie era and the peace movement and there were still a few of them left. There's nowhere to go now where they don't sell alcohol which is really bad because they don't come for the music." I *told* you she was innocent.

Since then, Tracey has supported such acts as the Dubliners, Roy Orbison, Ralph McTell and Billy Connolly.

During his last Australian tour, Neil Diamond saw Tracey in concert and was suitably impressed. Through a friend of a friend of a. . . a few songs arrived from America last Christmas whilst Tracey was singing on a cruise. Her manager chose a song, *Born To Be Loved* and recorded the backing track. When Tracey returned she put down the vocals and put one of her compositions on the flip side of the single that was released recently in Australia. It now appears, from the initial reaction, that it will also be released in seven European countries. But (you've heard this story before) Tracey isn't overawed at the prospect of being an international recording artiste. She wants to complete her schooling and then maybe she'll become a painter or sculpt

Sitting there sedately, sipping a mug of coffee concentrate that she mightn't survive: "I'm over romantic and I daydream all day," admits the sweet young thing who reads *Alice In Wonderland*, and my old favourites *Peter Pan* and *Winnie The Pooh*. "I'm never here, *never*" she emphasises. "One day I'm Joan Of Arc and the next I'm someone else. I just like to make believe all the time. It's terrible. I get my worlds mixed up."

Sometimes that's the best way to be, especially when confronted with an unhappy situation. Recently Tracey changed schools. Her former schoolmates made it quite clear that Tracey was far from normal. I mean, anyone who spends their time painting, writing poetry, reading fairy tales and singing just has to be crazy. And she doesn't even like football! Yeah, just another sensitive creature thrust into the wrong environment. During one term she spent something like seventy one days at home, just to avoid getting bashed up—charming school. "Their attitude just makes me feel sad. It doesn't make me feel angry." Consequently, many of her songs are down.

"Happiness is a good thing because there are so many ways that you can work off the energies from happiness but when you're down, or just feeling like that, just writing a song or painting or something like that is going to make you feel better. It creates energy.

"I just burst into song anywhere. That's what nearly got me expelled from my last school. I clashed with my music teacher and that's why I got such bad grades in music. I used to break out singing the blues in the middle of a lesson because I'm not the sort of person that would fight with somebody. So when someone started putting pressure on me, someone who didn't like me, I'd just start singing."

But despite her obvious sensitivity, Tracey can be stubborn when it comes to her art. "With the Ralph McTell concert I was supposed to do eight songs that people knew from the radio and I gave Cliff that list and kept a completely different list for myself. I just wanted to prove my point." With her own selection of material, including a few originals Tracey received a rousing response.

Most of her work these days is in wine bars and the like—a situation that does not excite her—especially as she has had to work alone since her brother went to Penang to appear in a new television series.

"There's no magic in winebars. *(She's telling us?—ed.)* It really hurts because you end up singing singalong stuff. No-one has any respect any more. But the universities still care."

Her disillusion with the current situation is about the death of head joints for folk singin' hippies. Tracey includes Joni Mitchell, Linda Rondstadt, Janis Joplin and CSNY in her musical interests. "David Cassidy made me sick every time I saw his photo."

Tracey is about as far from the stage door jailbait sixteen year old girl as I am from Mars. Whether she makes it back through the looking glass won't be up to *them*.

ANDREW McMILLAN

GRAFFITI

Carol Lloyd Band calls it quits

After a career that lasted for less than two years the Carol Lloyd Band has broken up. Although the demise of the group has not been officially announced it appears that drummer Danny Simpson retired about a month ago. The band was facing heavy financial difficulties and Simpson left to teach drumming in Melbourne. Later that week after discussions with manager Donald Lloyd, guitarist Mark Moffat also left to pursue a career in studio engineering and production. The split was amicable, caused only by heavy debts that the band would have incurred had they continued to tour. Without any financial backing, the members of the band were not on a set wage, as is the case with the bands behind such artists as Renee Geyer, who hires her musicians for a salary.

Carol Lloyd was in Melbourne at the time and has since taken a full time job as a copywriter with a Melbourne advertising agency. It's true...

In late '75 Carol left Railroad Gin after her ex-husband/manager Donald Lloyd was sacked. Almost immediately Donald met with a bunch of session musicians from the Window Studio in Brisbane and a band, Carol Lloyd and Tonnage, was formed.

Days later, the group was signed to an international recording contract with EMI. The outfit, now called the Carol Lloyd Band, rehearsed in the studio and worked around Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane.

Last year, a debut album, *Mother Was Asleep At The Time* was released. Produced by Clive Shakespeare, the album attracted interest from record companies in England, France, Sweden, Finland, Japan and America. Despite their demand overseas, financial reward was not forthcoming and the musicians were forced to take part time jobs so that a full time road crew could be employed. Just another typical rock anomaly.

Although they were respected by musicians, the band faced the prospects of limited success in Australia and were reportedly arranging overseas promotional visits. But although concrete plans were discussed during interviews, the months would pass and nothing would eventuate.

On the tenth of July the Queensland Pop Awards were presented. The Carol Lloyd Band, who were to move to Melbourne later that week, scooped the pool by taking out awards for Pop Group Of The Year, Most Popular Rock Group, Best Group Female Vocalist, Best Group Manager, Best Songwriter Recorded and Best Lead Guitarist. That night Donald Lloyd ran around patting everybody on the back and telling everybody how happy he was. Days later the Carol Lloyd Band was defunct.

Despite the demise of her second band, you can be assured that Carol Lloyd will be back.

It's sad to see the unannounced passing of one of the best bands that this country has produced but at least Carol will return, probably with the backing of some of the members of her former band. The dame's a survivor.

ANDREW McMILLAN

MAX PIERCE

BARNABY RUDGE ARE SHAMELESS CROWD PLEASERS

Barnaby Rudge play regularly at the Chatswood Charles, a cheerful Sydney suburban gig in the pub cellar that favours Ye Olde Inn style of decor. It's also blessed with a tight packed, sweaty and (God forbid) *nice* audience. The sort that doesn't worry about its blow waves or razor blade necklaces, and doesn't care whether they're dancing the Hustle or the Conga—they jump around, sing along, hoot, shout and have a high old time. And they certainly like Barnaby Rudge, who disdain the cool school rock god manner for unabashed good cheer. Don't they know Johnny Rotten is *suffering*?

Back at the beginning of the evening, getting into this den of Rudge-style shamelessly healthy iniquity had been a slight hassle; the band forgot to tell the pleasantly ocker doormen someone from RAM was coming. They half believed my flustered *I am together believe me* story until a passing trio of young exec types swaggered by. Pissed and out to prove something more macho than cotton underwear lurked under his suit, one of them grabbed my arse painfully. "Fuck off creep!" I snarled automatically. There's nothing like countless unaccompanied nights in the Bondi Lifesaver to give you the right conditioned reflexes for physical assault. Sometimes I suspect the Army has set it up as a training course for lady commandos. . . Whatever, the doorman was immediately convinced I really was from RAM, and let me in, chuckling. That's one for the boys at the Club; these women writers are a rough lot, everyone knows *that*.

Barnaby Rudge had almost finished their first set. It was already quite a struggle to get a closer squizz at the band, what with flailing dancers expending enough energy to power a turbine all over the place. Hairy and bearded, Barnaby Rudge gave an off-putting first impression of hippieness; they were just finishing a falsetto version of *Day Tripper*. Oh no; I wasn't in the mood for Peace and Love.

They scarcely drew breath before hurtling into the early Santana song, *Evil Woman*. Strike two! (Never let it be said I'm not prejudiced—if you'd had to live in a house with a guy called Asheesh who made dulcimers you would be too). But halfway through the number Barnaby Rudge struck a home run; this here was a solid, highly professional band, nimble, versatile and definitely not fussy hippies, despite the face fuzz. They had enough originality to tackle cover versions, always a dicey proposition, and come off sounding good. No note-for-note copying, this was a cover version done with individual style. Lead guitarist Steve Longhurst zipped around inside *Evil Woman's* salsa-ish framework on hot licks of his own, not Carlos Santana's. Drummer Hutch Hutchins managed to make one drum kit sound like a whole range of assorted percussive thingos. He later revealed an excellent voice, particularly for dirty, gritty rock—his *Great Balls Of Fire* just about ripped the joint apart. Hutch is no spring chicken; the kids who whooped with glee at his terrific, blatant vocalese mightn't have known just how appropriate those dirty Jerry Lee Lewis growls were, but Hutch sang it as though he was sitting on the real thing.

Between sets, front singer Mark Stevens hustled me, Hutch and bassist Rob Askew (who also possesses a good, deep, pornographic voice) into the band room, talking non-stop. Mark is one of those people with so much energy he's exhausting to talk to. Good grief, has he no shame at all? His eyes blaze through his ginger hair and beard, and they *twinkle*. Right out in public, for all the cynics in the world to see, this man walks around with not one but *two twinkles! In each eye!* What's more, he obviously loves the band, performing and the audience. The whole lot of them are disgraceful; they know hundreds of songs and they play all night. Don't they know you're only supposed to play for twenty five minutes because you're too bored to learn any more than eight songs? Barnaby Rudge have an outrageous disrespect for new wave; they continuously appeared to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, smiling and laughing and carrying on. It's people like them that are making live music (how can I *say* it) *entertaining*. They didn't look like they were suffering one little bit. *Disgusting*.

And way back when, Hutch used to be in the third edition of that great sixties if-you-haven't-got-a-guitar-string-use-your-belt band, The Missing Links. Now he's a dumpy, droll figure with a mordantly awful wit who wants to know where his royalties are for writing *You're Driving Me Insane* (that's more *like* it), the song Ross Wilson used in the awful *Oz* movie soundtrack; Hutch wrote it when he was with The Missing Links, and he still writes songs. But he also likes *Lou Rawls*. (So do I, but I'm allowed).

The natural methedrine Mark informed me in the indecently brief five minute break (you're only supposed to play *one* twenty five minute set, unless you do the same songs again), that Barnaby Rudge has had a few offers from A Record Company but they seem to have got lost between various bosses. Booking agencies can't seem to get around to making any concrete offers. Despite high recommendations from Doug Ashdown, the band seems to be in something of an hiatus as far as signing things goes, (a la new wave when it was still called *punk*) but they're undaunted—picking up their own work at pubs, clubs, universities, weddings, wakes, anything, and they don't even *mind* all that much.

They're a six piece band with three songwriters; the Rudge original songs need a little polishing. *Straw Dogs* for example, written by Ian Francis, better known as Grims, second guitarist; it's about the gore fiesta movie of the same name. A slow number with more than a touch of the heavy metals, its elements don't quite hang together and tend to divide the song into different style sections, giving a rather jig-saw impression. The Rudge manner of introducing their own songs on stage is heavily self-deprecating: "Here's another boring Barnaby Rudge song", groan, retch. It's not really necessary; *Thumbs Up For Love* for instance, a quasi-funk effort with a silvery guitar intro, has all the earmarks of a good, witty number, as has the boogie *Will She Say Yes Or Will She Say No*.

Meanwhile, Barnaby Rudge had done a great *Yellow River*, the song that was a hit for Autumn at the end of the sixties, and ripped into Leo Sayer's *Long Tall Glasses* like a Rugby team. (No wee cutesy-ing around, but they didn't tear my leg off with a searing half-a-note guitar solo or make me gaze into the bottomless pit of Humanity as Animal; sorry Saints and Psycho Surgeons fans, but I had a good time). I liked it when they played the Beatles' *They Say It's Your Birthday* because there was a birthday boy and girl in the crowd, I even liked it when they announced the winners of the raffle. I liked Rob Askew singing "For some California ass. . ." in *Get Back*, and I loved it when they played their anthem of the moment, the *Mickey Mouse Club* theme, and all the kids went berko, stomping on my notebook in a ten-ton conga line. And when they played *Gloria*, with the audience bellowing "Glooo-oo-riah!" in all the right places, I bellowed too. I reckon any band that produces such a tidal wave of euphoria in a pack of eighteen year olds is more than worth the salt they expend in sweat doing it.

I suppose I'll have to go through re-training when O'Grady gets back and his suntan wears off, 48 hours of Clash records with half a Blondie track if I spit hard enough, but I don't care. Barnaby Rudge are Good Fun, so there.

Annie Burton.

FASHION THE WAY IT'S REALLY WORN

Ragtimes

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FASHION IS DEAD

Rag Times

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DRESS CIRCLE

K O'BRIAN

SUPERNAUT
Bondi Lifesaver.

After a psychotic week of chewing the coffee in Suicide Alley Supernaut's performance was a welcome break. Before the show, bassist Phill Foxman realised that tonight he had to prove himself on his old homeground. A native of Bondi, his mates stood amidst the cans at the front of the stage waiting for him to balls it up. But he didn't have a chance. As the last recruit he played it straight down the line.

For my money, Supernaut are one of the best bands in the country, a group that has fused tension and fun into rare presence.

Kicking the show off with a number from the forthcoming album *Test Pressing* Supernaut run through the *Immigrant Song* which, with the advantage of Glaswegian vocals, is pretty damn close to Led Zeppelin's original.

In a set that is well balanced between new and old originals and cover versions *Space Angel* comes up well live, Gary Twinn's haunting vocals far surpassing those laid down on that debut album.

Too Hot To Touch cuts through neatly with Gary jerking across the stage like a demented puppet on a string. His lingering keyboards in *Mover* do well in complementing the intelligently co-ordinated lighting effects courtesy of Michael Eastick. From low behind the stage, hot spotlights burn across the heads of the capacity audience—an effect which, when used with a black background, is highlit by the low pall of cigarette smoke.

White Woman, a track from the new album, is previewed and followed by the old *Young And Innocent* single which failed to gain airplay. *Living A Lie* is a much heavier version than the recorded product and serves as the highlight to a great performance.

Twinn marches on the spot during *Leftover Ladies*, his arms swinging like those on some deranged toy soldier before Supernaut drop into their current single *The Kids Are Out Tonight*.

Another Led Zep number rages through before a crashing heavy metal display of strength, *I Like It Both Ways*, finishes off a great set.

Miffed at the brevity of the set I glanced at my watch. To my surprise, Supernaut had been on stage for an hour and a half. It was a great performance, but one wonders how it would have sounded had not those people with the technical brains invented sound effect accessories for guitars.

ANDREW McMILLAN

BOB KING

10cc
Hordern Pavilion, Sydney

Bet you think rock writers get into everything for nix, don't you? Eh? Just wink at the man backstage and he gives a deep bow, pushes all the backstage joannas from your path and sweeps you in, obsequiously pointing out the best seats and ejecting the paying customers from their spots for you. Tucks you up with rugs and everything. Right?

Wrong. Sometimes, in fact most times, you do get freebies for a legit review and very nice it is too, when it's someone you really want to see and having to scribble notes in the dark, interrupting the on-going pleasure of the show, is a small price to pay. But sometimes you have to pay for your seats just like everyone else, and when the show's an all round downer—*big bummer*. But when it's someone like 10cc, you feel like running off to get a blanket so you can head the ticket queue for the next show.

You don't know just how difficult it is to describe a concert that was so good it had you in tears of joy. Slagging something is the easiest thing for a reviewer, most of whom are with born with foul insults on their tiny tongues. But when it comes to something as faultless as the live 10cc, much as it goes against the grain, you have no choice but to gush.

For 10cc, this new, re-vamped 10cc with only two originals and four completely new members, are more polished, more exciting, and yes, *ballsier* than the 10cc of multiple record and single. They were simply amazing. If I have to go into just why they were so good, and I guess I'll have to, get out your lemon juice antidote, because I'm going to gush all over this review.

OK. From the first blast of *Slow Down*, they were perfect. The vocal harmonies were spot-on; the two drummers were a joy to watch in dual-mirror action, (when Paul Burgess wasn't playing vibes and other percussive thingos); Graham Gouldman's bass pumped it all along like someone letting out the silken string on a brilliantly coloured chinese kite; Tony O'Malley's electric and grand piano (or organ) coloured in any possible gaps with boogie rollicking; Rick Fenn bounced his hips, never missing when he played mirror guitar with Eric Stewart, who is, just like Harry Doherty wrote when he saw them in Glasgow, a superb guitarist. It was the sort of sound so tight and charging you can't stop it long enough in your head to really work out who's doing what, and you really don't want to.

They followed this upper cut with a dynamite right cross of *You Got To Let Go*. All I can do is tell you the songs they played. After the opening double whammy and a bit of chat about "Thank you nice to be here it's only taken us six years", Graham Gouldman promised material from *Sheet Music*, *Original Soundtrack*. He then whipped into *Honeymoon With B-troop* from *Deceptive Bends*. Is there another band in the world that can sing "So—don't touch—her bum." with a high chorus staccato of "bum bum bum bum bum" and come off totally adult?

We got a sinister *Wall Street Shuffle* with Stewart switching to Fender Rhodes electric piano and minor key vocal, followed by a new 10cc single, *People In Love*, which Rick Fenn graced with some particularly gorgeous silvery guitar. Its flavour is rather like *The Things We Do For Love*, romantic in a practical vein rather than the cynical beauty of the older songs, but the exquisite high harmonies. . . ah, I dunno. "Gorgeous" will have to do.

Art For Art's Sake's main vocal was sung by Tony O'Malley, very well, and Eric Stewart's sometimes slide guitar was indeed breathtaking. He looks so unlikely; you expect people who play that sort of guitar to be Guitar Hero-ish, all wasted instead of slightly chubby and cute, but bet your arse dear reader, he's superb.

Look, it just went on getting better and better. They dredged up the first song they ever recorded, *Waterfall*, along with a story about being told by the Beatles to leave their name and address in the waste basket. But I bet it didn't sound like *that* when the Apple core heard it. *I'm Mandy, Fly Me* had its airline stewardess lyrics enhanced by two green neon signs placed high up, glowing *No Smoking* and *Fasten Seat Belts* in murky green over taped jet noises, until Stewart appeared in a white spotlight and the song took off.

Graham Gouldman stepped out in the last part of the three section *Feel The Benefit* with a bass solo that didn't rely on any tricks, no wah wahs or whatever, only pure bass *playing* to be amazing. The whole concert moved so fast I can't pick out particular highlights from so many, until the glorious weepy *I'm Not In Love*. 10cc are noted for their use of pre-recorded tapes on stage, and they *must* have used them—even five voices can't simulate 256 vocals overdubs, but 10cc's use of them was so subtle it was very hard to differentiate. Didn't want to anyway; just wanted to grin and snivel like an idiot on his eigth bourbon. The encore was an unidentified, stops-out boogie that vanished the cow-barn entirely. When the house lights came up I was quite surprised to find it still standing.

The presentation, lighting and such were never less than perfect. The whole thing, with the exception of support band Scandal lead-singer's black nail polish and irritating faggy mannerisms (that's better—had to say something nasty), was never less than perfect. As the bopper with the glass shattering scream behind me yelled: *I got my ticket's worth!* With knobs on, honey, gold buttons and silver braiding.

ANNIE BURTON.

JOSE FELICIANO
Sydney Opera House

Why is it the Opera House heavies persist in having only MOR artists, or fringe ones at least (like Fairport Convention) play in its hallowed hall? Do they really think grown up rock fans are going to rip the shrine apart? It's probably because the small number of seats doesn't make expensive act promotion economically viable. The acoustics are lousy, but it still seems a waste of all that beauteous architecture. . .

The sound was almost as bad for Jose Feliciano as it was for Melanie, whose unbearable loudness could be attributed to the hall's acoustic peculiarities.

Whatever, Feliciano voiced constant complaint to the sound men about the on stage monitors; his voice did do an occasional hop across the pain threshold. But leaving the sound quality out of it, I really didn't expect Feliciano to be as MOR as he was. Maybe he's been playing a lot of clubs; all that dreadful punning and cute joke-telling would seem to indicate that he has. *Pandering to the crowd* it's called, and it certainly worked. They loved it.

What happened to the highly original Feliciano I seem to remember, the one with the flashes of brilliance, the one who recorded one of the filthiest versions of *Hi-Heel Sneakers* I've ever heard? He's older, and neater, and knows where the money is, that's what. The Feliciano of this performance encapsulated himself very neatly in a number called *Disco Flam*. It was meant to wed disco with flamenco guitar, see; gee, disco rhthm as played by his particularly lame bass player and drummer (who seemed to think spinning his sticks a lot was a viable substitute for actual drumming) *does* vaguely resemble flamenco rhythm. And gee, I wish I hadn't been told; it was God-awful, a horribly queasy musical marriage.

There was the odd flash of what I thought Feliciano was about—he did *Hotel California* very well, with an urgency in his voice and electric guitar solo The Eagles don't come anywhere near. But then, he did open the concert with the theme from *Chico And The Man*, and he did do that cute routine about being blind and watching westerns on TV. And he did say: "This is a semi-classical modern jazz type thing—I'm a mixture of everything. This tune was an orphan so I adapted it." Ho Ho. Ho.

About the most interesting thing about this concert was the reaction of the Indian gentleman from Mauritius sitting next to me when Jose persisted in talking in a bad Peter Sellers Indian accent. And that was a polite titter.

ANNIE BURTON

1420
3XY
YOUR CONCERT STATION

Info City:

All questions to *Info City, RAM, P.O. Box 281, Broadway, 2007.* It's impossible to answer all your queries, but we do try to print a representative selection of what you send us. We also regret that we are unable to enter into any private correspondence on Info City queries.

KEVIN AYERS

Could you please give me a list of albums by Kevin Ayers, ranging in order of release. Could you also give me an address where I could obtain them, as I've tried to get them for two years now, in vain.
Desperate,
Mareeba.

Try writing to one of the import stores in Sydney. You may have to order the albums to be specially imported, but a specialist store may have some already in stock. The albums, in order, are:
Joy Of A Toy *(Harvest)*
Shooting At The Moon *(Harvest)*
Whatevershebringswesing *(Harvest)*
Bananamour *(Harvest)*
The Confessions Of Dr Dream *(Island)*
June 1 1974 *(Island) with Eno, Nico and John Cale, live.*
Sweet Deceiver *(Island)*
Odd Ditties *(Compilation of previously unreleased tracks) (Harvest)*

WEATHER REPORT

Could you please supply info on Weather Report. Also, how often do they tour the States and Britian.
David Willis.

Weather Report has a changing population; it seems to be in a constant state of flux, but its constants and leading figures are Josef Zawzinul on keyboards and synthesisers and Wayne Shorter, who plays various saxophones. First formed in 1970, Weather Report represents a pool of musicians rather than a fixed band. Both of its key members played previously with Miles Davis during his experimental jazz-rock period in the late sixties. Zawzinul wrote the title track of the turning point Davis album, In A Silent Way. *He's originally from Vienna, and went to America on a music scholarship. Apart from Davis, his musical antecedents include spells with Maynard Ferguson, Yusef Lateef and Cannonball Adderley. During his nine years with Adderley, he wrote most of the group's music, including 1967 Grammy winner* Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.
Black saxophonist Shorter, from Newark, New Jersey, had a five-year stint with the Art Blakey Group as composer sax-player, before being recruited by Davis for a six year stay. Both Shorter and Zawzinul have recorded solo albums. Weather Report was originally formed as a vehicle for their talents, plus Czech bassist Miroslav Vitous, who left after the band's fourth album Mysterious Traveller. *Weather Report consistently win jazz polls, and are considered the most inventive exponents of the jazz-rock fusion, gathering critical compliments and record sales alike in both jazz and rock markets. The only way to figure out their current line up is by checking the credits on their latest album. They tour the States infrequently, and Britain maybe once every two years, although they usually show up at the annual Montreux Jazz Festival in Switzerland.*

AMBOY DUKES

I'd like some info on where I might find a copy of the Amboy Dukes' *Tooth, Fang & Claw* album, as there are no record shops where I live that have it in stock.
Dave,
Newcastle.

That particular album is on the Discreet label, distributed through WEA in Australia. It can be ordered from most record stores by quoting No. DS2203. The only other Amboy Dukes album on local release is Call Of The Wild, *No. DS2181. Both these albums are under the title Ted Nugent and The Amboy Dukes, however, not just the Dukes alone. Ted Nugent made eleven albums with the Amboy Dukes, most of which were never released in Australia. But if you're really keen, remember that those hard to get albums can be ordered from overseas through import record stores.*

CHUNDER COCKTAIL

Please tell me if there is such a drink as a "Diamantina Cocktail", and if so, how to make it.
Desley.

According to the Little River Band, the concoction known as a Diamantina Cocktail was indeed drunk in the area of the Diamantina River, in the outback at the end of the 19th Century. If you really want to drink it, it sounds pretty repulsive; its original function was probably to disguise the taste of the raw, rough rum around in those hard-tack times outback, with available ingredients. It consists of one emu egg, mixed with condensed milk and O.P. rum. Guaranteed chunder material.

GEEZA

I was reading through RAM No. 60 the other day and came across Sydney band Geeza. They were on TV recently and guitarist Lee Martin was not in the band. Has he left, and what is he doing now?
Geeza Fan,
Brisbane

Last issue had a story about Geeza and their doings. They're off the road at the moment preparing for a long tour. Their line up has changed to the extent that Lee Martin has recently been replaced by Steve Gronow. We don't know what Lee is doing now, but Geeza plan to augment their basic bass/drums/lead guitar set up with a keyboard player.

BOLIN

Could you please supply me with some info on Tommy Bolin?
Jeraaf,
Victoria.

Tommy Bolin was an American guitar wiz and prolific composer, originally from Sioux City, Iowa. He played with American bands Zephyr and Energy before he joined the James Gang, recommended for the spot by its former ace guitarist Joe Walsh, (now with The Eagles, but Walsh still has a thriving solo career as well). Bolin made two albums with the James Gang, writing material for the band. He left the band in the middle of '74, to work on his solo album, Teaser, *with Tubes drummer Prairie Prince and dutch keyboard-man Jan Hammer. A year later he joined Deep Purple, filling the vacancy left by the departed Ritchie Blackmore.* Teaser's *release co-incided with Bolin's first Deep Purple album,* Come Taste The Band. *He wrote or co-wrote seven of that album's ten tracks; it was Deep Purple's last studio album—the band broke up in June, '76. Bolin did some session work—he's heavily featured on Billy Cobham's* Spectrum *album, and made another, excellent solo album,* Private Eyes. *Shortly after* Eyes *was completed, and Bolin was on tour with his own band for the first time, he died at the age of twenty five. His death was attributed to multiple drug and alcohol ingestion, all of which combined in causing death by overdose.* Private Eyes *was released almost simultaneously with his death; it gives about the best idea of Bolin's capabilities, which unfortunately never got to be fully extended.*

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NATIONAL TOURS

SPLIT ENZ w. SAM ANGELICO

September
24 Melbourne Palais Theatre
25 Albury Regent Theatre
26 Canberra Theatre
27 Sydney Elizabethan Theatre
28 Lismore Town Hall
29 Brisbane Mayne Hall
30 Armidale University

LARRY NORMAN w. STEVIE WRIGHT

September
23 Dallas Brooks Hall, Melbourne
24 Sydney Hordern Pavilion

JANIS IAN

September
23 Regent Theatre, Sydney
25 Canberra Theatre
26 Melbourne Festival Hall
28 Adelaide Apollo Stadium
30 Perth Entertainment Centre

DRAGON

September
23 3XY Expo Croxton Park Hotel
24 Manhattan Hotel
25 Icelands
28 South Side Six Hotel
29 Waltzing Matilda Hotel
30 Tiger Room

October
1 Sandown Park Hotel
2 Hamilton Town Hall

JOSE FELICIANO

September
28 Perth Concert Hall

PETER ALLEN

September
25 Festival Theatre, Adelaide
28 Canberra Theatre
29 Sydney Opera House

RENEE GEYER

October
1 Melbourne Palais Theatre
7 Canberra Theatre
9 Sydney State Theatre

SOAPBOX CIRCUS

September
22 Brisbane, Windsor
23 Brisbane, Griffith Uni
24 Noosa Surf Club
25 Brisbane
26 Biloela
27 Gladstone
28 Yeppoon
29 Blackwater
30 Rockhampton, Capricornia College

October
1 Townsville
2 Cairns
6 Newcastle Workers Club
7 Sydney, Martin Place (lunch)
8 Elizabethan Theate, Newtown
9 Bondi Lifesaver
11 Bathurst, Mitchell College
12 Wagga, Riverina College

MARCIA HINES w. TREVOR WHITE

September
27 Longreach Civic Centre
28 Aramac Shire Hall
29 Blackall Memorial Hall
30 Charleville Town Hall

October
1 Charleville Town Hall
3 Mitchell Shire Hall
4 Roma Hibernian Hall
5 Chinchilla Civic Centre
6 Toowoomba Harristown High School Hall
7 Ipswich V.E. Hancock Hall
8 Warwick City Hall
11 Coffs Harbour Civic Centre
13 Blacktown Civic Centre, Sydney

SLIM DUSTY & HIS TRAVELLING COUNTRY BAND w. ANNE KIRKPATRICK

September
28 Wangaratta
29 Albury
30 Wagga

October
1 Regent Theatre, Sydney
3 Wollongong Town Hall
5-6 Palais Theatre, Melbourne
8-9 Adelaide Festival Theatre
10 Whyalla
14 Meridan
15 Perth Concert Hall
16 Albany
17 Katanning
18 Bunbury
20 Geraldton
21-22 Perth Concert Hall
25 Broken Hill
26 Mildura
27 Swan Hill
28 Horsham
29 Mt. Gambier
30 Warrnambool

This fortnight's letters, aerial bombs and leaves scrawled with thumbnails dipped in tar answered by Annie Burton, in the absence of O'Grady, who has allezed on his vacances. Bon vacances, Antonio. Grrr, mutter, curse...

THE THING THAT ATE THE LETTERS

In the time-warp known as Queensland, strange and apostate thoughts ripen quickly in the lush climate of paranoia. In such fertile fields of fear was nutured the Great Conspiracy Theory.

It was at first an ephemeral feeling, nervously tantalising, borne on the gentle breeze of doubt. There was the dread and nagging uncertainty about The Letters. I shrugged my fins in a resilient fashion. Yet soon the thought was lurching through my mind that the adumbral characters and sundry perverts adorning the Letters Page are the one person. Every week.

Think of the divinely mad, monumentally great talent hunched ferociously over his/her ink-and-quill. A psychotic Steinbeck with *dementia scribbilia?* A severe case of multiple pseudonyms? For a hollow moment I thought it was me. It's not of course, but just for an uneasy minute...
A trout in the milk.

If there is such a creature it ain't me; I don't know what 'apostate' means. Of course, downstairs in the bathroom there could be anything lurching behind those piles of RAMS...

DISAPPOINTED

I was very disappointed to read the letter titled SLEEPY BIRDS. This Chris from Blackburn must be a real DUDE. Being an Eagles fan myself I thought Hotel California could have been better, but Desperado On The Border, Eagles and One Of These Nights never put me to sleep. They are superb in concert and I believe their music is brilliant along with a lot of other people.
Eagle Fan.

Chris from Blackburn will be delighted to hear he's a dude — it means someone real sharp in yer modern street talk, dear. The Eagles were superb in concert, but they must have gone off quite a bit — Randy Meisner picked up his bass and walked recently. Probably going to start his own dude ranch.

No. 1

As a collector's item, how much is RAM No. 1 worth?
Chris, Geelong.

It's unobtainable from us, so I guess it's worth whatever you can beg, borrow or steal it for from whoever's got one.

EVEN LONGER SOCKS

While reading Bene Nesto I came across a letter entitled LONG SOCK ROCK by *Avid ABBA Fan* and I think AB's comments were a bit critical. I do not regard this nice young boy a 'dickhead'.
Dickhead's mother

Ma'am, you may recall I also described your son as a rugged individualist. Perhaps you shouldn't be so negative, and sign yourself "Rugged Mother" instead.

HULLO LONDON

I thought it was about time your readers were informed of the movements of one of your top musicians—Doug Ford, tops he must be for you'd go a long way to hear a guitarist of such intensity and skill.

It was a delight to hear his band and to have a chat with the man after a recent London gig; he incidentally told me of RAM, nevertheless I had to go to much trouble to find out your address. I'm not the only one knocked by his playing, his reputation is growing to modern jazz audiences. He says he's considering going home to Aussie for a feel of things. Watch for this very good one.
Colin.
West Hampstead, London.

Thanks for the info. Colin, very thoughtful of you and duly noted.

FRAMPTON

What's this crap you're printing now about Peter Frampton? It's bullshit that he didn't pack out Oakland Stadium and only 10,000 people stayed until his last song. Where do you get this crap from, a two year old rock book? I read somewhere else his shows were a sell-out, so there.
Peter Framptom Fan, Qld.

We got our crap, or information from an on the spot witness. Maybe his tours were sell-out—last year. Do you have trans-Pacific tunnel vision in Queensland, huh?

admire about the Stones over recent years.

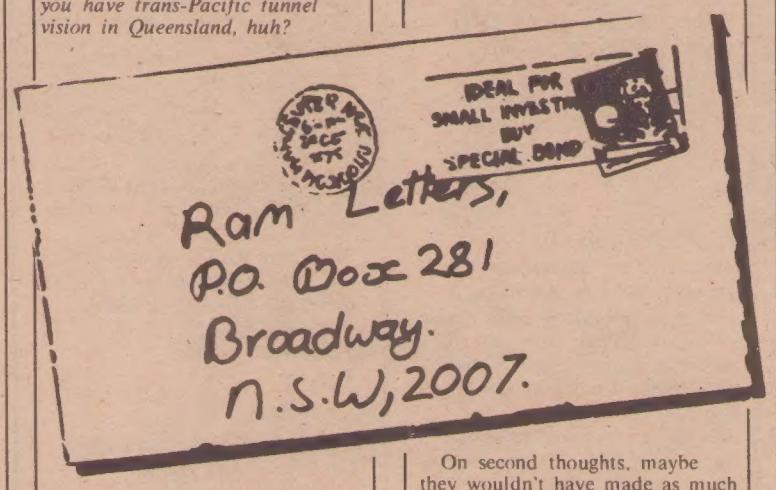
ELVIS I

Dear Elvis,
Nobody loves you
When you're down and out,
Everybody loves you
When you're six foot in the ground.
Stephen, A.C.T.

ELVIS II

Elvis is dead. I wish he'd lived longer, to be a sad old rock 'n' roller; the afternon papers would have been able to make lots more from secret confessions of his lovers. After all he was becoming respectable-stoking himself with (legal) barbiturates, drinking himself into oblivion, remarrying, having affairs with starlets...

Isn't the noblest way to die nowadays of an overdose? All the best people have them.



DUMB

So there's "nothing very heroic about heroin", is there? Do the names Lenny Bruce, William Burroughs, Jean Cocteau, Nico, Lou Reed, Keith Richards, Michael Oransfield, Anna Kavan, Emmett Grogan, Billie Holliday, Charlie Parker and Iggy Pop mean nothing to you?
An Impressionable Youth.

Yes, they do mean something. Half of them are dead. And do you know the heroic name of every one of the multiple thousands of other junkies that are dead as well? The ones who never did anything remarkable except die of overdose, septicaemia or straight out poisoning? For an impressionble youth, you give an impression of overwhelming stupidity.

TWO BUCKS, PLEASE

This concerns a $10 bet. Did Elton John have a hair transplant? Is such a thing possible?
Yuel.

Yes, it's possible, and yes, he did. That'll be two dollars, the usual 20% commission, thanks.

STONED

Why is it that every time I buy a copy of "RAM" and it has something about the STONES, the article or articles are usually knocking them or something? (As was the case with the articles in 65 and 66.)

Look, what sort of dickheads are you at "RAM"? The ROLLING STONES are the world's biggest and BEST, rock and roll, rhythm and blues band.

Next to the Stones, the only bands that are original or have some form of talent are *Zeppelin, Queen, Jeff Beck, E.L.P., Genesis, Quo, Gentle Giant, Rainbow, T. Rex* and *Kiss.* All other rockin' groups are just copies of the Stones at some time of their vast career.

For example, Steven Tyler and the rest of the dick-lickers in *Aerosmith*, are merely a copy of the Stones, with a bit of *Zeppelin* injected in. Similarly, most punk-rockers are a copy of early Stones circa 1963 to 1966.

So, "RAM", next time you decide to do a leading article on the Stones make sure that before you write the thing, you decide to think first.
Starfucker, Melbourne.

We thought a lot, and decided there was very little to

On second thoughts, maybe they wouldn't have made as much out of his funeral if he'd been old and had had a heart attack. (That's what's his doctor said killed him anyway). Shock's a great crowd puller. The 5-inch headlines really take your mind off your own problems don't they? The tasteful corsege—I thought the flowers in the shape of a hound dog were so appropriate. The crowds were so well behaved, too. The driver hired to break up the crowd by killing as many as possible did a fine job, I thought. After all, everybody knows that the odd dead body never hurt anyone, but to see middle-aged women cry is quite obscene, isn't it?
A fan.

ELVIS III

Bullshit, Bullshit, Bullshit, all that garbage you printed about Elvis, what is it with you guys, nothing better to do than write a load of bunk, not fact, but bunk. Why not keep off the guy's back, what harm did he ever do to you or anyone else, he was a nice guy, someone to look up to and don't you ever knock that, brother. I have been a constant reader of your paper since you lot started, but that does it, I have finished with you now—Bullshitters.
Presley Rocker PAL.

Anthony O'Grady's impressions of Elvis were indeed factual, concerning as they did the enormous impression he had on rock and teenage economics, as well as the stumbling last performances the man gave that were witnessed by thousands of people. Even you, dear sir, could have seen the Elvis In Hawaii television special of a few years back. That was not the performance of a man in good health. The other two letters about Elvis express public and press reaction to his death accurately also...
Lissen, PAL.

ROCK LIBERATION

I just read the letter from "Two Chicks" in Ish 64 and I know how they feel. I get the same treatment. The guys who really appreciate good music though can sometimes realise that chicks can like it too, but it sure does take a lot of convincing. Look, you guys, some of us are also human like some of you. There are some R.S. ones among you who like disco too. All I can say is death to disco and everyone who wallows in that sloppy crap.
Zep & Borich Fan

The two chicks in 64 argued they were weary and angry about guys who wouldn't believe they actually went to concerts to listen to music, not to get laid. You agree with them. I agree with them. Rock Liberation for all Ms's has finally arrived. Pass the word around your local dance.

ZEPPELIN

To Zeppelin listeners —

Page & Co. have taken you all for a ride, on a snow job that went undetected. Check the credits to a song entitled IN MY TIME OF DYIN' on the double *Phys. Graffiti.* Their eleven minute wonder is really an eleven minute drag of an old blues number. Dylan does a song titled IN MY TIME OF DYIN' on his very first album Bob Dylan circa 1961. Guess what? The lyrics could be described as identical. Even way back there, Dylan and others couldn't recall who wrote it. Bob knows he didn't.

I'll bet it wasn't Bonham, Jones, Page and Plant as stated on *Phys. Graffiti.* Why don't you supposedly know alls from RAM, check it out and verify it?
Dylan Reigns Again, QLD.

OK, as a supposed know-all, yes, it is the same song. And it is a very old blues, Delta I think; Bob Hudson is given to playing a raging version of it on harmonica and muttering "Eat your heart out, Led Zeppelin". When a traditional song is attributed to the band performing it, as on Physical Graffiti, it usually means the arrangement of the song is theirs, not necessarily the words. You mean you only just noticed? Boy, are you a dummy. Incidentally, Mr. Dylan isn't averse to ripping off old tunes as well as lyrics himself; check your Dylan albums and see.

FOR

I have not been able to afford RAM for quite a while (due mainly to the rising costs of cigarettes and alcohol) but was recently in extra funds and decided to splurge and buy RAM.

Congratulations, it's new and improved. Also more expensive, but then so is everything.

Just thought I'd write and say thanks for the top mag.
Madge

AGAINST

This is the first and last you'll ever see or hear of me: I have had enough of your mag! It has slowly sunk further and deeper into the boggy morass of degenerated rot.

I started this observation way back with ish 27. You were rather fantastic then; but you soon started adding the spice to your pages too liberally. (By that I mean obscene language). Alright so everyone uses it, but do you have to make every line have at least one liberal dash of it?

But the worse is yet to come! Oh yes, it can get worse!

You employed a new art editor. Horror, shock! HE CHANGES THE LAYOUT OF YOUR MAG. THAT was pure heresy and sacrilege!

But you've just done the absolute unpardonable act; I have to fork out SIXTY CENTS, not just the good old FIFTY CENTS.

What with the lessening quality of your mag how come you put up your price?

To finish it all off, you know exactly where you can stuff your mag 'cause I for one won't be buying it anymore.
Ex-RAM freak
Sans Souci NSW

Thanks No. 1, your cheque's under the doormat as usual. As for you, No. 2: Jeez, we haven't said anything dirty for ages, and then only when sorely tried or quoting Bon Scott. I don't see anything sacred about RAM; as far as we know the offices have never been consecrated, so we're free to do whatever we like with it. Fuddy duddy! Turncoat! Bully! Nyah! Who cares!

DOPE

Whenever people talk about decriminalizing dope they mostly say it's cool to smoke it but DEALERS should be locked up. I'm the first to admit there's a lot of shitheads dealing dope (cops, organised crime etc) but there are also a lot of good people into growing and dealing. Morons such as the aforementioned seem to think dope grows wild or something. A lot of hard work goes into finding a good spot, germinating seeds, fertilising and watering the plants. If it weren't for dealers where would they get their dope? Most people are too lazy and stupid to grow it themselves. Big companies are just as corrupt and evil as any dealer.
A hippie

It's not really the backyard grower who deserves to be sought out, it's the organised drug capitalists who encourage and develop markets for highly addictive substances like heroin. Also, as has been proved by recent events in Griffith, NSW when marijuana growers start cultivating tons of the stuff, the great risk and enormous profits involved can sometimes lead to murderous repercussions.

IDE TRUE?

I've been hearing so many strange rumours lately that I feel like I'm in a loony bin. Maybe I am. Whatever, could you tell me if there's any truth in the following:

1) Abba are to call their next album *Departure (and good riddance).*

2) Prince Charles is to marry Annie Burton and cart her off to be Queen of England (The mind boggles).

3) Red Symons left Skyhooks to have a baby.

4) Molly Meldrum wears a groupie-proof padlock on his jockettes while taping Countdown.

5) Punkz are thinking of swapping names with the Saints.

6) Anthony O'Grady is Idi Amin in disguise.
Nostradamus

Everything you've heard is true. Do you know anyone who has heard Idi Amin tell a lie?

AW GEE

I just noticed today
that flowers won't stay
in my hair like they used to
and my fingers don't
automatically break into a
V
at a smile I guess (and it took a while to believe)
the Pepsi Generation wasn't the real thing after all.
K.

These poems are coming thick and fast
who'd have thought yours would be the last?
The dreadful ryhmes you lot are giving
I'm not answering them for a living.

That's atrocious, *really, how can I? I'm going away now, obviously overdone something.*

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DIRT

Oh these poor Old Wave rock stars. . . Ringo Starr turned down an $800,000 offer from some rich Arabs for his mansion in Berkshire. Stalwart Ringo ain't havin' no Arabs in *his* palace. . . And Jon Anderson of the recently revamped Yes has moved into *his* $650,000 humpy in Hampstead. Fame is such a terrible burden, isn't it?

Stiff and Chiswick, the leading independent record companies in England, will be jointly releasing a special single by Wayne Kramer, the legendary guitarist with the original MC5.

The single should be available in Australia through import record stores. All proceeds from its sales will be sent directly to Kramer's bank account in Detroit.

The two tracks on the single are entitled *Rambling Rose* and *Get Some*, and were recorded shortly before the guitarist was jailed after a drug bust.

Kramer, who was sentenced to imprisonment for four years, will be released on parole on January 19th next year. Hopefully the proceeds from the current single will help him to get back on his feet.

Three of Australia's hot acts have joined together to present contemporary rock concerts.

Under the billing of "The Greatest Show On Campus" Jo Jo Zep and The Falcons will be working with Billy T and Stiletto on the tour of various universities and colleges.

Phil Mortlock has joined WEA Records' NSW division; he's lobbed into their promotions department, where he's handling public and press relations and disco promotions. Phil's swapped over from WEA's Art Department where he's been for some time. He won't be taking photos for *us* either any more. He wants his name taken off the staff masthead, too. Ah gee Phil, it was nice having your snaps around. . .

In Sydney, the Paris Cinema has been taken over by an independent group of anti-establishmentarians, and it's emerging as one of the few film joints catering for rock fans as well as buffs fond of "uncommercial" (read "Art") films.

The Paris, (which incidentally is the last commercial building designed by our most famous architect, Walter Burley Griffin), has already had one successful month of terrific double features, and is planning even more rock movies for the future. This month the organisers will be presenting cabaret-style concerts by Pantha and Airlord in aid of the Whale and Dolphin Coalition.

They'll still be showing double bills like *Mad Dogs And Englishmen* with *Lady Sings The Blues, The Concert For Bangla Desh,* a host of Beatles films, *Jimi Hendrix* (that one's a real beauty), *Woodstock* and lots more rock movies. They're finishing the month off with a week long season of *Ladies and Gentlemen The Rolling Stones* plus *Good To See You Again Alice Cooper*. And all for $3, ($2 for students), less than the price you pay to see *one* feature at most city cinemas.

In October, the organisers will be taking over another, three storey building. Movies on the ground floor, and on the second, there will be an exhibition of holograms, probably the first in Australia, imported from New York (holograms are three-dimensional pictures created with light), while the third floor will be taken over by three artists, one of whom is Martin Sharp. The artists will create three different cabaret "environments" where bands and various other acts will be performing. Now *there's* a good variety for you. . .

Now that they've left us, Sherbet are swinging into action overseas already. They stopped off in Bangkok for two concerts in the 8,000 seater National Stadium. Sherbet first performed in Bangkok last New Years Eve; reports indicate that their latest concerts were immensely successful. Apparently they drew an enthusiastic response at both performances.

You've Got The Gun has just been released in England and the band spent four days there promoting the new single. Although it was released in Australia in 1972, it has been included on the English version of their latest album, called *Photoplay* for British consumption.

Last week Sherbet flew to Germany to embark on a twelve date tour as special guests with the Hollies.

After further promotional slog in Europe and England, the band will be flying to Canada for a fifteen date tour with the Hollies next month, before moving on to Los Angeles.

Before they left, Sherbet were working on tapes recorded during their recent tour of Australia. The tapes will be released as a live album entitled *Caught In The Act . . . Live* in late October. It's so much quicker to make live albums than spend months in the recording studios—you must have noticed just about everyone's doing it now. But most so-called 'live' albums are only partially genuine; they're nearly all tarted up with high gloss overdubs recorded later, or composed of the best bits from different live performances. Even new wave bands do it. . .

Scandal suffered a severe set back recently when the truck carrying their equipment rolled over and crashed between Renmark and Whyalla in South Australia.

The truck was written off. The band's equipment, including their P.A. system, stage amplifiers, instruments and lighting set up were spilled across the road.

The two roadies who were travelling in the truck at the time were admitted to hospital for observation and later released.

Scandal have just released their second single, the jaunty *Harry,* and scored the national support position for the 10cc tour of Australia.

The band have a good chance of getting back on the road very soon and a new P.A. is being built now.

A benefit concert for the band, who like most bands hadn't insured their gear, is being planned.

Local Melbourne group called Shotgun Willie currently slogging it round the traps. Band have a penchant for their sixties roots—they play blues and rock with touches of country and also throw in a few early Berry and Stones numbers. They're currently getting a demo tape together.

The Ian Gillan Band will be releasing their second album this month. The band was formed by the former Deep Purple vocalist Ian Gillan; when the album's released, they'll be touring Japan.

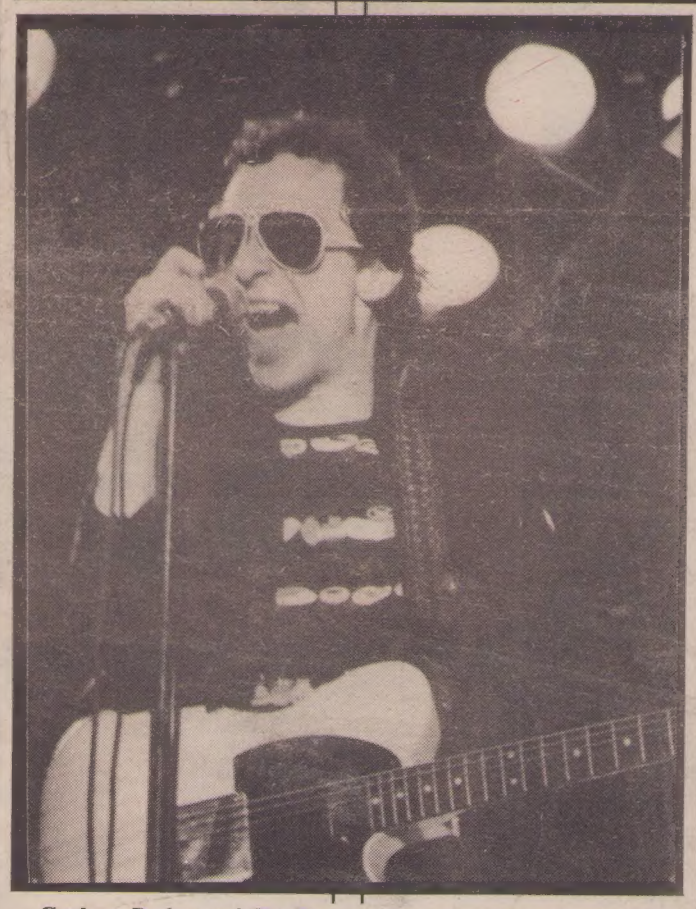
Gillan joined Deep Purple in 1969. He left in mid '73 and David Coverdale filled the vocal gap in Deep Purple.

The new album is still officially untitled. . .

Recently, the only consistent venue for new wave bands in Sydney closed down after trouble with some Hell's Angels. Under the name Oxford Funhouse, it was the home of new wave bands like Radio Birdman, The Hell Cats and The Psycho Surgeons. The Hell's Angel hassle involved Paul Gearside, lead singer of the Surgeons (and sometime contributing artist to RAM, but that's neither here nor there). An Angel objected to Paul's style and pulled him from the stage to give him a thorough going over, concentrating on his reproductive region.

A replacement venue is being opened this month for new wave bands in the heart of Sydney. The venue's first two nights promise Johnny Dole and The Scabs and the notorious punk band from Brisbane, The Leftovers—it will be their first appearance outside Brisbane.

A note from one-time Battersea Heroes bass player Peter Knox tells us that he's now part of another inner-Sydney pub band called Toons. They've been playing scrubby gigs to audiences that Peter describes as "decadent deros and late-sixties Uni-type drop-outs turned alchos", and have recently acquired a keyboards player, Jeff Morris, from Wollongong. The Toons play a repertoire that includes that all-purpose ditty that originally belonged to Dr. Hook; now it's called *The Cover Of RAM Magazine*. The Toons will be recording soon. . .



Graham Parker and The Rumour have struck a major problem with their new album, *Stick To Me.*

The first pressings of the album showed a serious flaw in the bass end of the recording; the band has had to go back into the studio with their producer Nick Lowe to re-record it.

To keep the planned release date of September 30, the band has had to cancel a European tour (with the exception of four days in Scandinavia). A four piece brass section has now been added to fill out the band's sound for future concerts.

Nick Lowe has just completed producing Dr. Feelgood's latest album. Earlier this year he produced the Damned's debut album *Damned Damned Damned.* In between his busy beaver production chores, Lowe hasn't had the time to complete the recording of his *own* album.

There's a new mag hitting the streets soon, *Ragtimes* it's called, and it's sort of about clothes. Sort of, because it's got bits of rock in it, and it's all about things you, me and the guy down the street are wearing, not the creations models keep on with clothes pegs while standing stock still. Jeez, it's even got people wearing *old jeans* in it, whatever will they be up to next? Wearing undies as dresses and talking to the opposite sex, shocking. . .

Mother Goose's Album is "Stuffed"

So be silly and buy it!

Mushroom
Australia's Rock Plant

36312